

John Dick 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

"Who will o'er the downs so free?" is just now one of the best invitations to a sportsman, be he amateur or professional. London is out of town—the corn all cut—birds plentiful and strong—and, with capacious pockets, booted and legged, a favourite Joe Manton in hand, a brace of pointers or setters, the keen sportsman is off to covers and moors. Crack and bang through the next two or three months will be the principal "order of the day" issued; and oh, what slaughter and havoc among the feathered tribes! Some young aspirants, too, may now be sallying forth for the first time; and to these a few words of caution will not be out of place, more especially as many sad accidents are constantly resulting from the incautious use or want of proper knowledge of firearms.

The following short rules should always be borne in mind:—

1. Never put on the caps before loading, as the cock might slip, even with the best lock; besides the powder is prevented reaching the nipple.
2. After the caps are on and pushed home, never leave the cocks down on them, or a slight blow might occasion an explosion.
3. Never point the gun, or allow it to be pointed at, or passed by, either yourself or any living object, except the game you are in pursuit of; and more particularly during cocking and uncocking, when the cock is very apt to slip from the hand of a cold or awkward person.

4. With a double-barrelled gun, always uncock the loaded barrel after discharging the other. The loaded one should be left at half-cock, and the other with the striker down on the nipple.
5. In loading the last-discharged barrel, always keep the loaded one farthest from the hand.

Always remembering these injunctions, let us now give a little attention to the doings of the crack sportsman in the preserves and covers, in the fens, and on moors, over mountain or on lake.

Pheasant shooting is, perhaps, the most admired gun-sport of the aristocracy, as there are few commoners (with the exception of a daring poacher) that ever get a shot at a pheasant. It is a noble bird—a brace of them make a handsome present—and those that have tasted them can appreciate their delicacy. A good double-barrelled gun, a brace of small spaniels, and the run of a covert, preserve, or plantation, and rare sport will soon be found. The latter end of September or beginning of October, the true sportsman, with his dogs, will generally begin beating up the hedges, and getting along the ditches that surround the covert, in order to cut off the birds that have been feeding in the corn and other fields adjacent; an intercepting stream of water is the favourite point, as the pheasant, from its tendency to run, will never rise unless "put up," or meets with such an obstacle. It is when they "rise" that the sportsman gets his crack shot, and well does it repay the true aim, so as to avoid wounding the bird too much, and yet be

fatal. Should the sport fall here, he enters the covert; and, having a small team of spaniels is often requisite in the close underwood to make the birds rise, and then the keenest eye and quickest of aim is required to get a shot between the trees and foliage. But here, again, innovations have been introduced, and the above-manly way of knocking off a cock-pheasant has given place to the *battue*. As before observed, these birds always run, and can, therefore, be driven to a given sport. The few privileged sportsmen who are to join in this *battue* then take their stations in an open space in the covert, with, perhaps, half-a-dozen loaded guns by their side, and keepers to load. Scouts are now sent round to drive in the game to this doomed spot. They commence by shooting and gradually narrowing the circle, till presently a hare pops his head out from the covert, and poor puss is immediately knocked over; now several scared rabbits bound into the fatal space, and crack, crack, and a squeal tell their doom. Presently, the noise increases, and now all is excitement. Strange cries, crackings of branches, rustlings of the underwood, and a "whir-r-r" and a "cock-cock-cock-cockle," peculiar to the cock-pheasant is heard in all directions, and in they are all driven with a rush. Then commences what might, in truth, be called a butchery of these beautiful birds, until the ground in the open space is covered and heaped up with the wounded and dead birds; and so this work goes on until the sportsmen themselves are even satiated. Give us the good old English sport, and away with all *battues*.



SPORTING SKETCHES.—PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning a painful suicide was committed under circumstances of singular deliberation, by a Frenchman, named Charles de Ridout, the manager of the West Ham Gutta Serena Company, for working Hancock's patents. It appears that the deceased resided at Norfolk-terrace, Westbourne-grove, Notting-hill, and he was sixty-five years of age. He was married to a young wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he had two or three little children. Latterly, however, he became, it is said, involved in heavy pecuniary difficulties through some losses he experienced, and he was at times affected with great depression. No apprehensions were entertained by his friends that he was about to commit suicide, but at midnight the report of a pistol-shot was heard proceeding from the stable at the back of the West Ham Gas Works. The attention of a police-constable was called to the fact, and an entry was effected into the stable. The unfortunate deceased was found lying on the floor covered with blood, which issued from a wound in the head. By his side was a beautifully-finished pocket-pistol, which had been just discharged, and it was evident that the deceased had placed the muzzle to his head just behind the right ear, and sent the bullet into his brain. Nevertheless, he was not quite dead; such was his tenacity to life that he did not cease to breathe until half-past two o'clock in the morning. He left two letters, one addressed "to the coroner," detailing at length the nature of the troubles, principally of a financial character, that rendered his life intolerable to him. The other document was directed, to his wife, to whom he wrote in a most affectionate manner. The deceased was well-known amongst a large circle of business men, and was highly esteemed.

An inquest was held on Saturday by Mr. Thomas Hills, the coroner for Chatham, on the body of James Sandos, aged thirty-three, a corporal in the Chatham division of Royal Marines Light Infantry, who committed suicide the previous day by discharging his loaded rifle into his head. The deceased, who was a man of very good character, and had been recently promoted, was allowed to reside out of barracks, on account of being a married man. For some time prior to his death he appeared to have lived very unhappily with his wife, and this appeared to prey very much on his mind, and caused him to be very despondent. He was also heard to complain that some fine morning his wife would find that he was gone, and he had also been heard to declare that he would make a way with himself. On the Friday morning, at an early hour, the neighbours were alarmed by hearing the report of the discharge of a rifle; and on the house being entered the deceased was found on the ground, quite dead, with the back of his skull blown completely away, and the brains scattered about. The rifle was lying between his legs, and a piece of string was fastened to the trigger and attached to his foot, the muzzle of the rifle being placed in his mouth. The jury returned a verdict, "That deceased destroyed himself in a fit of temporary insanity."

A FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION took place on Sunday in the Belgrave-road. The great works of Messrs. Smith and Co., known as the Pimlico Patent Wheel Works, were utterly destroyed by fire. The fact that one of the workshops was in flames was discovered early in the morning, and assistance was soon at hand to check the progress of the conflagration. All was in vain, however. The works, with all the materials stored there, were destroyed, and the firemen had difficulty in preventing the flames from extending to the Victoria Railway Station and the Grosvenor Hotel. The damage done is estimated at £100,000.

THE APPROACHING TRIAL OF MULLER.—The paragraphs that have been going the round of the daily papers for some days past, stating that the trial of Muller would "come off" at the ensuing sessions of the Central Criminal Court, which will commence on the 24th inst., have but little foundation in fact, as up to the present time neither the committee of the German Legal Protection Society, nor Mr. Beard, the solicitor, who has the management of the case, nor Mr. Maynard, his managing clerk, have decided whether the case will be fit for trial at that time. A great mass of additional oral and documentary evidence has been obtained within the last few days, and we are in a position to state confidently that still more testimony will be forthcoming within the next few days. That most, of necessity, delay the matter, as time will be required to sift the statements, and see how far they are reconcilable with the knowledge that is at present possessed by those who have the conduct of the defence. At a meeting of the members of the German Legal Protection Society it was finally resolved that the defence of Muller should be confided to Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Metcalfe, and Mr. Edward Bealey, and probably a brief will also be given to Mr. Orridge.

CARRIED AWAY BY A TIGER.—At nine o'clock a.m. on the 24th of September, a Malay, named Ningul, with four others, three men and one woman, all Malays, left Campong Elari, which is situated on the right bank of the Siragooon River, distant about a mile from the Siragooon Station, No. 3, and entered the jungle to cut wood at a place called Sengie Sidor. While they were engaged in cutting wood a tiger sprang out of the jungle, seized the man named Ningul, and was walking away with him. The others, on seeing this, gave chase, and pursued the tiger for about a mile, when the animal threw his victim down and ran away. The Malays, on going to pick the man up, found that life was extinct. The Duffadars of Stations No. 2 and 3, Siragooon, proceeded to Campong Elari to examine the body of deceased, when they observed that the neck was broken, and impressions of the tiger's claws visible on different parts of the body of deceased.—*Straits Times.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A project, suggested by Mr. M'Lachlan, for the formation of a photographic gallery or museum in which negatives should be preserved of the portraits of great men has been before the public on several occasions, and has been mentioned in the Manchester City Council more than once. Mr. Gladstone, on Friday, gave his assistance towards carrying out this scheme. Upon his arrival with Mrs. Gladstone at the Victoria Station in the morning he was received by the mayor and town clerk, and they were immediately driven in the mayor's carriage to Mr. M'Lachlan's gallery, Stamp-office buildings. Mr. Gladstone was soon placed in a position to admit of a characteristic portrait being taken, but Mr. M'Lachlan experienced a difficulty in determining upon what object to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to fix his attention. In the emergency he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, drew out a sovereign, balanced it adroitly on the back of a chair, and asked Mr. Gladstone to look intently at the coin. The object was defeated by the spontaneous laughter that the act produced. Mr. Gladstone remarked that Mr. M'Lachlan had selected the best possible thing for him to look at—it was quite a bait. Mrs. Gladstone said Mr. M'Lachlan had shown that he possessed a deep knowledge of human nature. After the mirth, in which all present joined, had subsided two or three successful negative portraits of Mr. Gladstone were taken.—*Manchester Guardian.*

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TAKE UNCOLOURED TEAS are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Patrie* says:—"The Duke of Magenta announces from Algeria, that notwithstanding the sharpness of the struggle at some points, he is master of the situation. It is stated that in consequence of the Duke of Magenta's despatch, the selection of any fresh troops for Algeria will cease, the reinforcements already determined on being sufficient."

DENMARK.

A Jutland letter mentions an outrage perpetrated by Prussian Hussars at Ostertraab farm, near Horsens. The farmer, a Mr. Koch, perceiving that the soldiers daily robbed him of a certain quantity of hay and oats, remonstrated and threatened to report them. They laughed at him, but took more care to conceal their depredations. The farmer watched, and one night caught a Hussar carrying off hay and corn. He seized him by the collar, ordering him to lay down the plunder and leave the house. The Hussar drew his sabre and split his head open. The farmer is not expected to live; the Hussar was condemned to eight days' imprisonment.

A foreign letter says:—"According to the Berlin Cross Journal, General Gablenz has published an order with respect to winter quarters in which he says that in villages where the requisitions of the military authorities are not promptly complied with the mayor is to be imprisoned and kept on bread and water, besides which all the houses are to be occupied by the troops, one room only being left for the use of the inmates. Can this be true? Is this General Gablenz, the high-spirited, the mercurial, the chivalrous, who was wont to pity the Danes and to extol their courage, and to enjoin upon his officers and men, and inculcate by example, forbearance and gentleness towards them? Truly, as the copy-book saith, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' We must not, however, overrate the importance of the order. There can be no great terrors in the threat of leaving families only one room to live in. If it be true, as the Danes assert, that in many of the Jutland towns that state of things is already arrived at. Indeed, during the war, it was of no unfrequent occurrence even in that Schleswig to which the Austro-Prussians professed to go as liberators."

AMERICA.

A despatch from Washington of the 3rd inst., says:—"Officers who came up on the steamer to-day confirm the reported successes gained by General Meade on the Squirrel Level-road on Sunday. The engagement which did not close until late in the evening of that day had not been renewed yesterday, which, however, may be accounted for by the fact that it was raining very heavily at that time. On Friday, we drove the enemy from their first two lines of works on the Squirrel Level-road, and at the end of the engagement he held these entrenchments, which are some four miles from Petersburg. Colonel Welch, of the 16th Michigan, was killed while gallantly leading his regiment in the charge upon these rebel works. The body is brought up, and will be sent to his friends at Anne Arbor, Michigan. This regiment was badly cut up in the engagement, and lost six or nine officers in killed and wounded. Our wounded in Meade's movement on the Squirrel Level-road will number about five hundred. The first ambulance train of these wounded reached City Point yesterday morning."

A despatch on the same date from the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac says:—

"The enemy attacked the division of General Byrnes yesterday morning, and were repulsed with heavy loss. This was the only fighting which took place on the left yesterday, with the exception of an attack by Wade Hampton's cavalry on General Gregg's cavalry on the Vaughan-road, when the rebels were driven back with a good deal of loss, and we captured some prisoners. Our loss was very slight. The army is now strongly entrenched, and a battle may occur at any moment. Our loss on Friday is not yet definitely ascertained, but it will not vary much from what I stated in yesterday's letter. The enemy claim to have a number of prisoners from the 9th Corps on that day. The Richmond papers boast of a victory over Sheridan in the valley, and say that he was retreating. Our troops took some thirty prisoners yesterday, among whom is a lieutenant on General Benham's staff. A heavy rain storm has prevailed all day, and prevented movements to any considerable extent."

UNDER WHICH KING?—The *Syracuse Journal* tells the following:—"On Saturday last, while a train on the Old Road was stopping at Cayuga-bridge for refreshments, a party of blatant M'Clellanites went through the cars after a 'straw.' Meeting an old gentleman, he was asked his preference for president. He named Lincoln. 'But,' said he, 'I have five nephews in the army, who each prefer M'Clellan.' Applause from the corps followed, when one of them congratulated him on the choice of his nephews, and said, 'Allow me to inquire under what general they are making targets of themselves? Imagine their surprise when the old gentleman answered, 'General Robert E. Lee!'"

A SINGULAR WILL CASE.—A somewhat extraordinary will case, occupying two days in investigation at the Preston County Court, has been brought to a close. The plaintiff was a woman named Ann Archer, and the defendant was a man named Robert Woods. Both reside in Preston. The action was brought by the plaintiff, who was fifty-eight years of age, to obtain possession of the estate and effects of an old man, nearly eighty years of age, named John Woods. Some months before his death Woods became acquainted with the plaintiff, and eventually they agreed to get married. On the 24th of last May he had a will drawn up, in which he bequeathed all his furniture, goods, and chattels to the plaintiff. Afterwards he gave her the will; but in a fortnight, and before the marriage had taken place, he died. The plaintiff then claimed the money, furniture, &c., of the deceased, who was in tolerably comfortable circumstances; but the defendant, his son, and four of his brothers and sisters, repudiated the claim, on the ground that their father, at the time he made his will, was in an unsound state of mind. The case was then sent to the Probate Court, in London; but as the sum in dispute was below £300, it was referred back for adjudication to the Preston County Court. The evidence for the plaintiff was to the effect that the old man Woods, although of an eccentric, stupid disposition, was of sound mind, that he made his will whilst in his right senses, and that he had "courted" the plaintiff, who described herself as a widow, because she had never seen her husband for eighteen years, on perfectly rational and voluntary principles. Two of the attesting witnesses of the will have stated that when the deceased made his will he "was not his own man." One of them said he read over the document drawn out two or three times, and that the deceased would have the name of the plaintiff altered from Ann Woods to Ann Archer Woods, remarking at the same time that although not his wife, she would be "in five weeks." The witnesses for the defendant showed that the deceased was for some time before his death an imbecile. The jury did not agree upon a verdict, and they were dismissed, the case being left for the decision of the judge.

FOR TOOTHACHE The-doloureux, Face-ache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tio Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road.—[Advt.]

NO HOME COMPLEX without a WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at 185, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

PROSPECT OF RENEWED HOSTILITIES IN JAPAN.

THE *China Mail* says Japan has been the subject of some anxiety during the last fortnight, and there are not wanting prospects of speedy hostilities in the Straits of Shimonosaki, which forms the Gibraltar of the inland sea. Matters, says that journal, may thus briefly be stated:—

"On or about the 25th of July last two Japanese 'ambassadors' reached Yokohama by the mail steamer. Both were dressed as Europeans, and had been for three months in England, whither they had been sent, they affirmed, by their master, the Prince of Nagato. Shortly after their arrival, two of her Majesty's vessels of war (the *Barossa* and the *Cormorant*) got up steam and proceeded to the Straits of Shimonosaki with the two men on board. There were also on board an engineer officer and some French and Dutch officers. This was the first visit paid to these straits by any foreign vessel for about a year, and there was some reason to suspect that Nagato had, in the interval, strengthened his fortifications. There is every reason to suppose that this suspicion is correct. Whatever errand the two ships of war went upon—we hear it was to demand the opening of the Inland Sea—they returned without having accomplished it. All their demands met from the Prince of Nagato an absolute refusal. The 'ambassadors' were put on shore at their master's territory. In consequence of what passed, it was at once arranged that the combined French, English, and Dutch fleet should leave Yokohama about the 24th instant, to see how far it was possible to enforce their demands upon the Prince. The fleet intended for this service consisted of sixteen English, two French, and four Dutch vessels of war—a force somewhat more formidable than that employed at Kagosima, but of questionable use against the forts and forces of Nagato, should he prove to have increased in military strength during the past year, which it is to be feared he has to a very considerable extent."

"A battalion of marines will embark with the fleet from Yokohama, leaving that port defended by the 20th Regiment and detachments of the 67th. There have also been ordered up from Shanghai 100 men of the 67th and 150 Belooches. As an additional protection to the settlement, her Majesty's ship *Conqueror* and the United States steamer *Jamestown* will remain at Yokohama."

"The fleet about to sail twelve days after the date of our last Japan advice (Aug. 13th) was to rendezvous in the Bango Channel, where her Majesty's ship *Perseus* and *Osprey* would join them from Shanghai, with a supply of coal in sailing vessels which they were ordered to escort. It cannot be sooner than the middle of September before hostilities commence, should matters ever come to that pass; and from the extent of the preparations, there is some reason to fear the worst. Large as these preparations are, comparatively, they are much too insignificant, in the opinion of well-informed judges, for the purpose of putting our relations with Japan on a liberal, permanent, and satisfactory footing. For this purpose a land force of not less than 15,000 is said to be needed; and if we should wait another year, while the Japanese continue to mature their own preparations, a force of 20,000 men might be unequal to the task of obtaining what we desire. Meantime, there are all the latest authentic items of news from Japan, and they are calculated to arouse serious anxiety."

PORTSMOUTH BEINGED.

THE Duke of Cambridge, K.H., Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, accompanied by Sir Richard Airey, Col. Clifton, and other officers of his staff, arrived at Portsmouth on Monday, and drove to the Government House, the residence of the lieutenant-governor, Major-Gen. Lord W. Paulet, C.B., under a salute of twenty-one guns from the garrison batteries. After luncheon the duke rode out to Southsea-common to witness some interesting combined military and naval evolutions to be carried out under the superintendence of Major-Gen. Lord W. Paulet. The supposed state of affairs was that an army had effected a landing on the adjacent coast line, and had taken an important position and threatened Portsmouth thence. It was, therefore, necessary for the garrison of Portsmouth to make some effort, by sea or otherwise, to recover the enemy's position. The 6th and 7th brigades of garrison artillery, with the 21st, 26th, and 64th Regiments, prading in the "Governor's-green," represented the main body of the defenders under Major-Gen. Lord William Paulet, C.B. A second body of the supposed beleaguered garrison, consisting of the Royal Marine Light Infantry and the 69th Regiment, were massed on the Coleworth Barrack-parade, on the opposite side of the town from that occupied by the major-general with the main body of the defenders. Outside the walls of the town, and as a reconnoitring and advanced force, the Royal Marine Artillery and the field batteries of Artillery had taken up a position under cover of Southsea. Southsea Castle was occupied by the 87th Regiment and the 3rd company of Royal Engineers, representing the enemy, under Colonel Murray, of the 87th. Immediately following the salute which greeted the duke's arrival at Portsmouth the enemy threw out a strong line of infantry (87th Regiment) in skirmishing order in advance on Southsea-common, and in the direction of Portsmouth. The garrison of Portsmouth for some little time gave no sign of their knowledge of the proximity of the enemy. Shortly afterwards, however, the guns of the fortress opened on Southsea Castle and the advanced line of the enemy, the Castle immediately responding. This was followed by the sudden appearance of a crew gunboat flotilla, and large columns of infantry debouching upon Southsea-common from the south. The foe appeared to contest every inch of ground they had previously occupied in advance of their main position, but Lord William Paulet, aided by a battery of field artillery, persistently drove them back, and pushed forward his troops as rapidly as possible under cover of the guns of the town works. The gunboats also closed in on the Castle. At this critical moment the heads of two columns could be seen by the enemy emerging from the houses at Southsea. Moving at the double they rapidly formed up on his right flank under cover of some low walls, whence they opened a sharp fire of rifles upon the enemy's right flank. The surprise to the enemy caused by this flank movement completely discomfited him, as he was now encircled by a line of fire. Under these conditions the defence of the enemy was but a question of time, and after a few more rounds from his heavy guns he hauled his flag down from the staff on the keep of the work, and Portsmouth was saved. The whole of the troops engaged afterwards "marched past" his royal highness, and then, forming in line of contiguous columns, with Major-Gen. Lord W. Paulet and staff, and officers and colours to the front, advanced in slow time, halted, and lowered the different colours with a royal salute, which closed the proceedings.

SUICIDE BY A DISCARDED LOVER.—An inquest has been held at Blackburn on the body of John Marshall, Hollin Bank-terrace, who poisoned himself by swallowing one ounce and a half of laudanum, in consequence of his sweetheart having discarded him. The young man left behind him the following letters:—"My dear, dear Ellen,—I write this as a last farewell, for before you can read this I shall have taken the cup of poison. Far, far better is death now than life; but I shall die believing I shall go to Christ. So farewell, and God bless you, and may we meet above. Grant me one favour—that is, to see me in my grave before you go home—Yours in death, JOHN MARSHALL." "Dear Father and Mother,—Weep not for me, for I shall be happy in heaven. I wish you to sell all I have and pay what I owe, and take his warning and give your hearts to Christ and meet me in heaven—Your loving son, JOHN MARSHALL."

General News.

THE managerie at the Garden of Plants in Paris has just experienced three losses;—an ostrich has been killed by accident, the orang-outang has died from the effects of the climate, and it has been found necessary to kill one of the young giraffes.

On Sunday last, after two sermons for church expenses, by a well-known incumbent at the East-end of London, the following items were found in the plates:—7 checks, 6 sovereigns, 15 half-sovereigns, 1 crown piece, 36 half-crowns, 17 florins, 154 shillings, 302 sixpences, 63 fourpennies, 176 threepennies, 171 pennies, and 181 halfpennies, making a total of 1,099 pieces, of the aggregate value of £56 5s. 6½d.

We understand that the marriage of Viscount Amberley, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Russell, with the Hon Catherine Stanley, daughter of Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, is to take place at the close of the month, at Alderley Church, Cheshire.

THE Paris papers report the proceedings of a gang of swindlers, established in London, who despatch to France letters with a printed heading, representing them to be general agents, and giving their address in a street in Soho. They inform the persons whom they select as dupes that a parcel has arrived for them from New York, or some other distant place, and for which they (the agents) have had to pay so much for carriage and charges. On receiving the amount they promise to forward the package. This is the revival of an old trick which was exposed some time ago, and the ruses then slackened or suspended their operations, but they have now recommenced them, addressing themselves to parish priests and other unsuspicious persons in the provinces, and avoiding Paris, where the swindle has been denounced.

LOUIS ST. JOHN has presented the Rev. Robert Paul Bent, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, formerly assistant-chaplain to the Russian Company at Oronstadt, to the vicarage of Malchbourne, in the diocese of Ely.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER NEAR WINDSOR.

A VERY barbarous murder has just been discovered at Sunninghill Park, the seat of Mr. P. H. Druceley, near Ascot. On Saturday afternoon a carrier, named Kentish, called about half-past five o'clock at a lodge near the road leading to Sunningdale, for the purpose of leaving some papers. This lodge was kept by an old woman named Butler, who was about seventy years of age. On Kentish opening the door and entering the lodge, he was much surprised and horrified to find the old woman sitting on the floor near the entrance, with her head covered with wounds and streaming with blood. On the carrier asking her what was the matter, she was just able to utter a few exclamations of pain, and became insensible. Kentish hastened to the adjacent farm for assistance, and Dr. Hewitt, of Winkfield, was immediately sent for, but the poor old woman had expired from the dreadful nature of the injuries she had received. There were three frightful cuts on the back and two on the top of the head. They had evidently been inflicted with some blunt instrument, as the cap which Mrs. Butler wore had not been cut through. Sergeant Mansell, on receiving notice of the murder, sent for Inspector Reece and Superintendent Fremonger, of the Berks constabulary, who immediately proceeded to the scene of the murder, and minutely searched the premises in the hope of finding some traces of the old woman's murderer. By the side of the body of the victim was found a bunch of four keys and a seal engraved with the letter "G." The poor old woman, who was in the receipt of parochial relief, had a lodger, a labouring man. This man gave a satisfactory account of himself during the day, he in fact being out at work at the time the barbarous deed was perpetrated. As Mrs. Butler was in very poor circumstances it is thought the murder has been committed from motives of malice, and not of plunder. Inspector Reece and Superintendent Fremonger remained on the spot making inquiries during the whole of Saturday night, and suspicion has alighted upon a tramp who was seen in the neighbourhood during the day, and who is said to have insulted several persons who refused to give him alms.

A WOMAN SHOT BY HER HUSBAND.—A determined attempt at murder was made at a place called Kinsham, close to the boundary of Hereford, on the Radnorshire side. It appears that for some years past an idle and dissolute fellow, named Joseph Morris, a terror to the neighbourhood, has resided in a cottage at Kinsham, within a short distance of Ocombe's Moor, an extensive moor surrounded by preserved forests, his poaching depredations upon which have several times caused him to be an inmate of the Hereford County Gaol. He was married to a decent woman, who had frequently endeavoured to dissuade him from his evil courses. During the absence of his father-in-law, Morris stole a killing from the old man's breeches pocket, and then went off. He returned in the evening, about six o'clock, and then found his wife near a well, about 150 yards from the cottage. While she was in the act of washing her hands at the spring Morris suddenly made his appearance on the bank overhanging the well, armed with a gun. The woman, having some foreboding that mischief was intended, said, "If that is what you mean (pointing to the gun), I will have some one to help me." "Shut those mouths," replied the fellow, "I mean to go to hurt thee." She resumed her stooping position, upon which the scoundrel pointed the muzzle of the gun at her ear and deliberately fired. The charge struck the head, literally carrying away the scalp. Mrs. Morris fell down insensible, but as she was a woman of strong constitution, she soon recovered and cried for help. On her removal to the cottage she was examined by Dr. Tearne, of Presteigne, who gave no hope of her recovery. Morris is supposed to have hidden himself in the great Oak Forest. Morris, it appears, has been in the 7th Hussars, from which regiment he deserted no less than four times, was consequently branded as a felon and a deserter, imprisoned for nine months, received fifty lashes, and finally drummed out of the regiment. He was under an impression that his wife had given such information of his whereabouts after his desertion as led to his arrest, and the dreadful act which he has just committed is attributed to a desire for vengeance.

BOAT RUN DOWN BY A STEAMER.—FOUR MEN DROWNED.—About two o'clock on Tuesday morning, as the crew of the fishing-boat *Gleaner*, of Eyemouth, were fishing at St. Ab's Head, about seven miles from the Berwickshire coast, they were run into by the steamer *Dalhousie* of Dundee, while on her way to Newcastle. The whole crew of the *Gleaner*, consisting of six men, were thrown into the sea. Life-buoys were cast from the steamer, and two of the men saved; but the other four were lost. The names of those drowned are David Fairbairn, Paul Fairbairn, Thomas Dougal, and William Angus. They were all fishermen belonging to Eyemouth, and with the exception of the last were married men with families. The two survivors, who are both young men about twenty years of age, were taken to Newcastle by the steamer, and returned to Eyemouth next day. They had been picked up insensible. One of them remembers grasping at the steamer, and falling into the water, and the steamer passing over him. They say that on seeing the steamer approach, they held up lanterns, and cried out, but no notice was taken on board the steamer till the collision occurred. The occurrence has created a melancholy sensation in Eyemouth, coupled with a feeling of indignation at the carelessness exhibited by those in charge of the steamer. Meantime the authorities of the county are investigating the matter.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

NORTH LONDON WORKING-CLASSES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

On Monday, Earl Russell formally opened the above-named exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, all of whom were admitted by ticket at the prices of 2s. 6d. and 1s. each. The noble earl arrived at the hall at three o'clock, and was conducted to a platform by the committee of officers. He was accompanied by Lady Russell and Lady Amelia Romilly, and was enthusiastically cheered as he walked up the body of the hall, and took the seat assigned him. On the noble earl taking the chair, the ceremony commenced by a choir of 1,000 voices singing the Old Hundredth Psalm, accompanied by the grand organ, which was played by Dr. Wesley, organist of Winchester Cathedral and College.

Mr. WARR, the hon. secretary, read a report of the managing committee, composed of working men, stating the circumstances under which the Exhibition had been set on foot. They were encouraged, they said, to undertake it from the success which attended a Working Man's Exhibition in the south of London, and from a conviction that there was much talent among the working classes which lay dormant for want of fitting opportunities for its exercise and appreciation. They eventually resolved to form a North London Exhibition, including the districts of Clerkenwell, Islington, St. Pancras, St. Luke's, Hoxton, St. Andrew's Holborn, and Bloomsbury, but not excluding exhibitors from other parts of the metropolis should the committee have sufficient space at their disposal. It was to consist of objects manufactured by the exhibitors, either as specimens of skilled workmanship, or examples of self-taught handicraft, and they had been greatly assisted in carrying out the project by local committees. They at length placed themselves in communication with the directors of the Agricultural Hall, who entered into the scheme in a friendly and encouraging spirit, and offered them the use of their large hall upon liberal terms. With the aid of Mr. Foster, the secretary of the Society of Arts, they appointed adjudicators to award the prizes from among the council of the society. The committee referred, in passing, to the success attending their guarantee fund for carrying out the objects of the exhibition. The amount promised if needed, was £350, £50 of which had been guaranteed by Miss Burdett Coutts, and £100 by Mr. Samuel Morley. The exhibitors were 866 in number, and the articles shown by them occupied 5,890 ft. of wall, 2,012 ft. of counter, and 1,750 ft. of floor. The classification adopted was as follows:—1st, professional workmanship; 2nd, amateur productions; 3rd, inventions and novel contrivances; 4th, mechanical models; 5th, architectural, marine, and ornamental models; 6th, artistic objects; 7th, ladies' work of all kinds; 8th, miscellaneous articles. These classes are thus represented:—Class 1, skilled, 233; 2, amateurs, 98; 3, inventions, 81; 4, mechanical models, 56; 5, marine, 30, and ornamental, 75; 6, artistic, 165; 7, ladies' work, 75; 8, miscellaneous, 85. It was impossible to refer to all who had kindly assisted in the undertaking, but special mention was made of Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Lettler, Mr. Galer, Mr. Thomas, Dr. Wesley, Mr. W. H. Bellamy, and Mr. Glen Wesley, for their kind and gratuitous services in the musical department.

At the conclusion of the report, of which the above is a summary, the chairman inspected the exhibition. On his return to the platform,

EARL RUSSELL said,—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to congratulate you on the exhibition which I have just been permitted to witness. It has given me the greatest satisfaction to observe the works of skill and industry of the North London working classes. That which I have seen does the working classes of North London the highest credit. (Cheers.) There are works of skill and ingenuity in carving, in cabinet work, and in various kinds of professional art which would take me long, indeed, to enumerate, but which you will see for yourselves from day to day, and which cannot fail to give you the highest satisfaction. I must confess that it affords me pride and pleasure to be the fellow-countryman of men who have so employed their time, who have exhibited the greatest ingenuity in the works that they have performed, and in that manner have done credit to the country to which they belong. (Cheers.) Those who first conceived the thought of this Exhibition of industry did but justice to the industry of their countrymen, and I congratulate them on the great success which has already attended their efforts. It is in this manner that this country gives another proof that the working classes of London are, as I believe, the highest in the world. (Cheers.) The most distinguished in the works that they perform, the most ready to accomplish anything that may be set before them, and thus making this great community that which it ought to be—the head of the civilized world in all those works which betoken civilization and progress. (Cheers.) I was happy to accede to the proposal when a wish was expressed that I should attend here to-day and preside at the opening of this exhibition, and I must say that I had no conception when I acceded to that wish that the works of industry which were to be shown would betoken so much skill and such beautiful results of the operations of labour. I congratulate you upon them, and I declare this Exhibition is opened from this time. (Cheers.)"

A special ode, appropriate to the occasion, written by Mr. W. H. Bellamy, and the music of which was composed by Dr. Wesley, was then charmingly sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Lettler, Mr. Elliot Galer, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the choir. At its conclusion the Divine blessing was invoked upon the undertaking by the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., incumbent of Clerkenwell, and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung by Miss Louisa Pyne.

MR. DOUGLASS SKYMOOR, M.P., then stood forward to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman. He said, if anything could enhance the admirable arrangements of the committee under whose auspices the work had been undertaken and carried out, it was the selection of the noble and illustrious person who had presided at the opening ceremony. When they looked back on the career of Lord Russell, there was no public man, he thought, who had a higher claim on the gratitude of the working classes. (Cheers.) During a long public life his name had always more or less been identified with the welfare and progress of the people, social and political, and no man had done more in his time to unshackle commerce and promote free trade, the benefits of which were now experienced in every grade of society. His labours had also tended to give a material impetus to the intellectual development of the working classes by the establishment of the cheap press. He wished to give offence to no one, but he hoped from the bottom of his heart that before the sun of Russell set the noble earl would complete the work, so to speak, of the political emancipation of the working classes, and that as he had been their benefactor, socially and intellectually, his would be the sun to achieve for them an equality of political rights. (Cheers.) Looking to the effect and tendency of exhibitions such as the one that had just been opened, those classes would now have more cause than ever to say:—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Was their destined end and way,
But to know that each to-morrow
Found them further than to-day."

(Hear, hear.) He concluded by proposing that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to Earl Russell for presiding at the opening ceremony of the Exhibition.

The motion having been seconded by Mr. GEORGE CRICKSHANK, was carried with acclamation, and with "one cheer more for Lady Russell."

EARL RUSSELL: Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to return you my heartfelt thanks for the honour you have done me. To me it has been a very easy and delightful duty to preside at this ceremony.

This, at least, I can say, that I myself have been a working man from an early period of a long life (hear, hear); and though I do not wish to enter into any political discussion, you will, perhaps, permit me to tell you what happened to me when I had the honour of being a Member of Parliament for the City of London. A measure was brought into Parliament—and a very excellent measure as I thought—by Sir Robert Peel, for promoting freedom of trade with regard to many articles of art and manufacture. Many of those whom it affected came to me, and complained that while they were exposed to competition, and while their trade would be thrown open to all the nations of Europe and the world—(I remember one man especially, he was a shoemaker, and who complained that it was with great difficulty that he could obtain one piece of meat in the course of a week)—the bread which they ate was taxed, and they wished me to oppose the measure. I said to them, "Permit me to tell you that I think no such injustice as you apprehend can long continue; and if your trade is thrown open to the competition of the whole world you will not find corn will be taxed for many years, but that you will have the benefit of free trade along with others." And so accordingly a few years afterwards a Bill was introduced for the repeal of the corn law, and free trade was extended to the farmers and other grades of society in this country. With that example before us I may well say that while you pursue your industry—while you show the industry and skill that you do whenever any question arises in which your rights and privileges are concerned, you will find that after some discussion—for no great progress is made in this country by any question until it has undergone a good deal of soaking (a laugh)—whatever is just and for the common benefit is sure to be sanctioned by parliament in the end.

The choir and the assembly then sang the National Anthem, Miss Louisa Pyne taking the solo part. Earl Russell presently afterwards took his leave, escorted as before, the company cheering him as he did so, and with that the ceremony concluded.

There was a concert in the evening, at which portions of the music used at the opening were repeated.

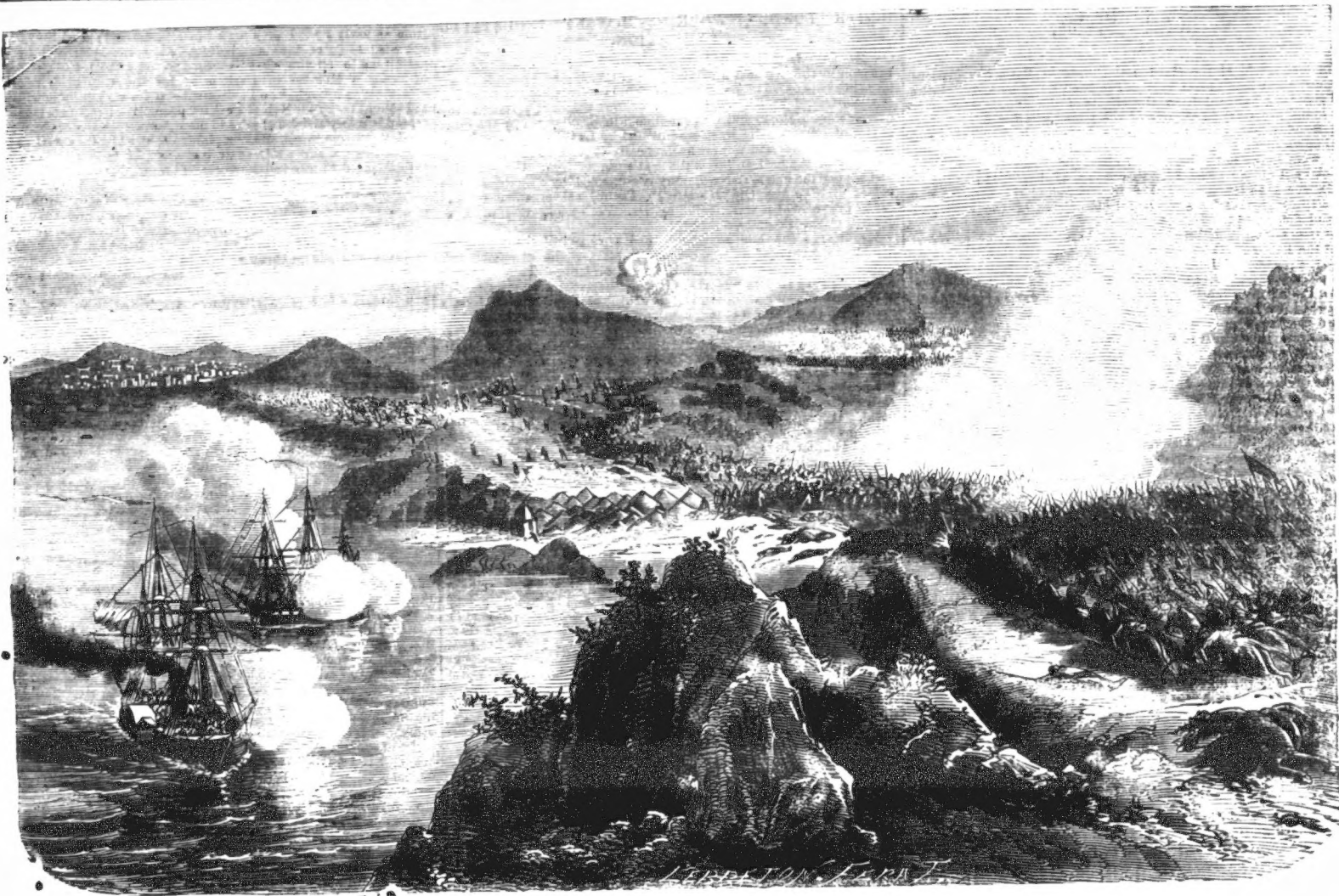
DEATH OF CAPTAIN BECHER

WE have to announce the death of this well-known sportsman, the father of steeplechase riders, and whose deeds in the plucky sport some thirty years back have immortalised him in the annals of that sport. Captain Becher was born in Norfolk, and was the son of a Mr. B. Ober, a farmer in that county, who was very conspicuous as a horseman, and the last of the leather-breches school. Captain Becher commenced his career on a pony, and was as remarkable for the boldness of his riding as for the judgment he displayed in the hunting-field. Being popular with the noblemen and gentlemen in his neighbourhood, he received the appointment of captain in a yeomanry regiment, which gave him a status among his contemporaries of much benefit throughout his career. In 1831 he first came out at St. Albans, where, on Mr. Angersley's Tattler, he rode second to Lord Ranelagh's Wonder. At the same place, in 1832, for the Grand Steeplechase, he was third on Corinthian Kate to Moonraker, ridden by Dan Seffert; and in 1834 he was in the same position on Zigzag to The Post, who was ridden by Jem Mason. At Northampton, two months afterwards, his luck changed, and he began on Vivian a series of victories which raised his reputation to the highest pitch, for he won the Northamptonshire with him, beating Vanguard and Liverpool; and afterwards the Grand Aylesbury Chase, beating Lauratona and eighteen others, including Lord Waterford's Lancelot and Mr. Elmore's Grimaldi. So chastised was the marquis at his defeat, that he immediately challenged Vivian with his second string, Cock Robin, to run over the Harborough country for £2,000. Captain Lumb, the owner of Vivian, accepted the offer, and, after a fine race, by Captain Becher's superior jockeyship Vivian won cleverly. In 1835 he won the St. Albans chase on Agnes, for Captain Fairlie, and was second on Caliph, at Cheltenham, to Patrick on Rosbill. In 1836 he won the Waltham Abbey on Grimaldi; and at Aylesbury he was second to Powell on Caladri for the heavy-weight steeplechase, but won the light-weight on him, beating Grimaldi, Yellow Dwarf, and the Pony. At Egham he was second, with Vivian, to Powell on Red Deer, and he likewise won the Liverpool on the Duke, beating Dick Christian, Polyanthus, and several others. At St. Albans's fortune again smiled on him, but the battle was dearly paid for, as his horse—the far-famed Grimaldi—died after passing the winning flag. Worcester saw him win with his favourite, Vivian, whose name had begun to be quite a household word among the followers of steeplechasing; but at Leamington he was very unexpectedly defeated on him by Flacrow, ridden by that well-known Leicestershire yeoman, Mr. Haycock; Lord Waterford, on Yellow Dwarf, being third, and Lord Clairville, on Curlew, fourth. At Northampton he was again a thorn in the side of the Marquis of Waterford, as he beat him on the Crow with Mr. Fairlie's Wing, with whom also he won the East Grinstead chase. In 1837 he won at Bath with Fieschi; and at Doncaster with 7th extra, on Vivian, he defeated Jerry and a very large field. But in the following week Jem Mason on Jenny turned the tables both on him and Flacrow. Cheltenham saw him again a winner this year on Vivian, before a very large number of horses. In 1838 he was not so lucky, as he only won the Northampton on Vivian, and ran second with him at Daventry to Lottery. After this he retired on his laurels, his frame requiring rest from the many severe accidents he encountered during his career, and which caused him afterwards to walk lame. In appearance Captain Becher was strong as a Hercules, and he could endure any amount of labour and fatigue. In knowledge of pace he was second to none, and in finding out the weak parts of a country he was very clever. Against his integrity nothing was ever alleged, but he failed to make hay while the sun shone, and retired into privacy upon a competency on his wife's side, which rendered the close of his chequered career calm and placid. He was buried at Willeiden Cemetery on Saturday last in the presence of a few who had been his latter-day associates, among whom we noticed his old friend, Mr. Pitt, accompanied by Messrs. O. and W. Moore, Hempton, Eden, and W. Smith. The mourners included his two sons, Mr. Dobree, his brother-in-law, and Dr. Price.

THE ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.—At the close of the afternoon service on Sunday the Rev. Dr. Lee intimated to the congregation of Old Greyfriars (Established Kirk) that a sum of £500 had been subscribed for the purpose of erecting an organ in the church. The rev. doctor thanked the congregation for their liberal response to his appeal, which he said he knew was very much intended as a proof of personal sympathy with him in regard to this matter, and named a committee of the congregation to co-operate with the elders and deacons to take steps for the immediate building of an organ in the church. It was hoped that the instrument would be in use before the next meeting of the general assembly.—*Scotsman*.

EXTRAORDINARY POISONING WITH YAW-TREE BERRIES IN FINCHLEY CEMETERY.—On Monday, an inquiry was held by Dr. Lankford, at the Green Man, Finchley-common, relative to the death of Emily Arkhurst, aged three years, who died through eating yaw-tree berries in Finchley Cemetery. It appeared that the deceased was the daughter of the gardener to the cemetery, and on Wednesday week she was with her mother in the grounds, and was observed to eat some berries from a yaw-tree. Shortly afterwards the child became faint. Medical assistance was sent for, but in the meantime death ensued. The post mortem examination plainly proved that death resulted from poison. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by accidental poisoning."

HORSEMAN'S TEE is chosen and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tee a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—*Advertisement*.



THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA.—DEFEAT OF THE INSURGENTS ON THE COAST NEAR TUNIS.

THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA.

THE despatch from General Jollivet published in the *Moniteur* contains a graphic description of an encounter between a French detachment and the band of Si-Lalla, an Algerian insurgent chief. It

is just one of those little episodes which may remind us of our own varied experiences in irregular warfare with native tribes, while it shows us that our neighbours, with all their military versatility, have no easy task on their hands. It seems that the French general, learning that Si-Lalla had taken up a position at a point called

Bedrous, put himself at the head of a light column in the hope of surprising him by a night march. The object of this movement was not only to strike a blow at the enemy, but to protect the route of a convoy expected to pass that way. The expedition set out at half-past six o'clock in the evening of September 29th, and pressed



THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA.—READING THE TERMS OF SUBMISSION TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE INSURRECTION

on all night towards the supposed encampment of Si Lalla. They reached it at daybreak, but, as almost always happens in such a chase after nimble desert-rangers, the chief had got wind of their advance, and was already making off rapidly, but in order of battle, and carrying his flocks with him. There was no water on the spot, and the nearest camping-ground was three hours distant, and on the insurgents' line of retreat. Thither the general hastened "with the utmost celerity," but the utmost celerity of a disciplined column after a march of some twelve hours is very slow compared with the movements of such a body as Si Lalla commanded, even with the encumbrance of their flocks. The consequence was, that long before the resting-place was reached the fugitive chief was far out of sight, while the French infantry soldiers were fast knocking up, and numbers falling out of the ranks. General Jolivet appears to have acted with great energy and judgment, sending forward Arab horsemen to the wells to bring back water, and despatching others to pick up the stragglers. Still, at one o'clock in the day, when the detachment had already been on the move above eighteen hours, four kilometres remained to be traversed, and the general rode on with the cavalry to mark out the camp. While he was thus engaged, and half of his troopers had returned with all the horses to the relief of their comrades, the Arabs suddenly poured down from the neighbouring hills, and surrounded him. Cut off from the main body, with only 104 men, he was compelled to stand his ground against overwhelming odds, and it was not until three o'clock, when his ammunition was all but expended, that the head of the column appeared, and the artillery was brought to bear. Even then the Arabs did not relax their fire or beat a precipitate retreat, but fell upon the column itself, and were only repulsed at some points with the bayonet.

We give an illustration on the opposite page of the defeat of the insurgents, and also the reading of the terms of submission to the heads of the insurgent tribes.

TERMINATION OF THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE last mail brought an account of the defeat of the Maori rebels at Pah Te Ranga, the position taken up by them after their evacuation of the Gate Pah. This last event has proved more decisive than was at first anticipated. The Maori combinations have been completely broken up, and peace is re-established. Several of the principal leaders have given in their submission, and it was reported that even William Thompson was about to meet the governor and take the oath of allegiance.

The *Melbourne Argus* of the 25th of August says:—

"Our latest of the war is that there is a possibility of peace, but there is little to justify the formation of any definite opinion on the subject. The past month has added but little to the narrative of events which will in the end form one of the most important epochs in the history of New Zealand. The Consensus, which left Auckland for Sydney on the 14th July, brought us word there were no further movements by the rebels, who were said to be suffering from want of food. Wi Kingi and party were reported to be in Taranaki district, and the garrison there was doubled. A number of the Waikato were endeavouring to stir up the Hawke's Bay natives to join the King party, and as a sort of counter demonstration, a party of Arawa chiefs visited the governor at Auckland. Two hundred and fifty Poverty Bay natives were reported as about to join the rebels. The only change in our own movements was the abandonment of Meremere redoubt, and the removal of a portion of the artillery to Sydney. A few days after the receipt of the above news, the

Xanthe brought Auckland papers down to the 26th July. From them we learnt that the rebel natives were disheartened—without clothing, tobacco, and almost without food; yet there was no talk of surrender. They were intensely suspicious of the colonial Government's intentions; and hoped after all that the Imperial Government would step in and screen them. The *Herald's* correspondent wrote that no one believed that the Ministry would abate one jot of their plans for the permanent subjugation of the country. No one had any confidence in Governor Grey, and he might interpose difficulties, but it was believed if he should do so that the Ministry would insist on an immediate summons of parliament. The natives in the north were very quiet, but some think that might arise from no one saying anything to them about obeying the law. The work of military settlement was going on slowly but steadily. There was but scanty intelligence of the rebels. William King and his party had seceded from the

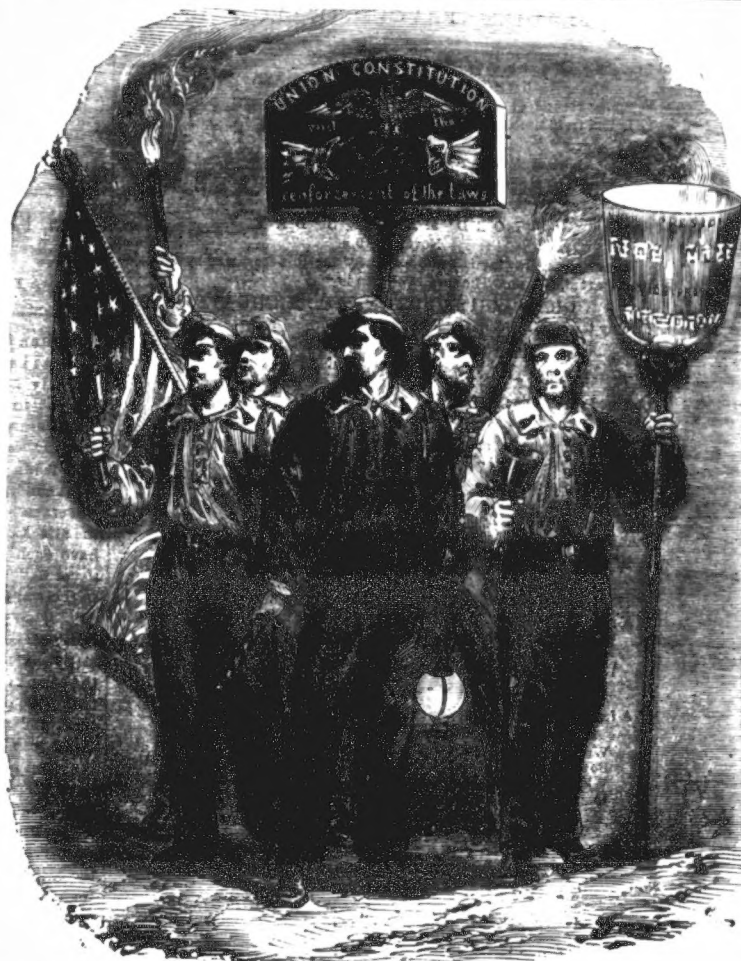
Manipoto tribe, and gone towards Taranaki; but where Rewi and the Manipotos were no one knew. It was possible that they had saved some seed corn and potatoes, and gone to plant and sow in the distant fastnesses. If not, the war can hardly be expected to last many months longer. It was rumoured that on General Galloway's visit to Maungaturoi the militia refused to turn out on parade, on account of the badness and insufficiency of their rations, and the ringleaders were arrested and confined. Our last news, down to the 1st of August, is far more cheering. We were by that informed that 150 leading men of the rebels had already signed a declaration of allegiance. A great change of feeling was evident among them, and the orals being supposed to have passed, signs of peace were perceptible. Governor Grey and General Cameron had sailed for Tauranga, to receive the formal submission of the East Coast natives; and it is stated that William Thompson was desirous of surrendering, if he could first have a short 'korero' with his excellency the governor to satisfy his mind upon a few points which have been troubling him for some time. He is said to have quite recovered from the serious illness from which he has been suffering for some time past, and now to be thoroughly alive to the advisability of submitting to the Queen's authority, provided he can do so with good grace, and make his submission pass over with *ecclat* before a real live governor. From the camp up to Wai-kato no news has come to hand of the presence of rebels in their vicinity having been noticed."

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

A CORRESPONDENT from America says:—"The political contest thickens as the days roll on. McClellan gains in strength with each day, and while his election is extremely doubtful there is still a chance, and his friends are labouring with might and main to place him in the Presidential chair. If the armies should gain no important success in the field before the 8th of November Mr. Lincoln's friends might have serious cause for alarm; but 'Old Abe' will push all things with what vigour he and his generals possess until that time. The town elections in Connecticut, so far as heard from, indicate a decided Democratic gain—a matter of which the McClellan politicians will not be slow to avail themselves. The most damaging campaign document that has yet been published against Lincoln is the straightforward, manly letter of the Federal General H. M. Naglee. This officer was a member of the first council of war held during the present struggle, and his exposure of what took place when the decision of the council was laid before the President and Secretary Stanton places those worthies in a decidedly unenviable light, while at the same time it adds lustre to McClellan's fame, both as a soldier and a gentleman.

"The proceedings of the Convention, with the electoral ticket chosen, and the appeal to the people, were published in the *Evening Post* of Baltimore, the only Democratic daily journal issued in Maryland. This paper, reaching all portions of the State, was the only means of direct communication between the Convention and the people. On the day on which these proceedings were published in the *Evening Post* that paper was suppressed by the military authorities, acting, of course, under the instructions of Lincoln. The Democrats of Maryland are now without a daily paper, and must depend upon outside aid for political information, hampered, as all outsiders will be, by the interference of shoulder-strapped servants of the President."

We herewith give three illustrations of the agents at work for both parties; also on page 296, we give an illustration of the great McClellan mass meeting at Preston.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—THE CALL TO THE MASS MEETINGS.



THE AGENTS OF GENERAL McCLELLAN



THE AGENTS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER

of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day,
FOR EVERYBODY.

DEAR PAPA,
Do Buy Me the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

DEAR MAMMA,
Oh, do Buy Me the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

BOYS AND GIRLS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

UNCLES AND AUNTS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

APPRENTICES,
Buy the
DICK WHITTINGTON NUMBER
of
BOW BELLS,
On Lord Mayor's Day.

London: J. Dicks, No. 313, Strand; and all booksellers.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURES—GRATIS.

No. 1 of the new Series of "BOW BELLS,"

Now Publishing, is
ENLARGED TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

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PRESENTED, GRATIS,

A beautiful Coloured Engraving of
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
Drawn by the celebrated artist, L. Huard, and issued on tinted plate paper,
for framing, to our readers. The descriptive Poem is by
ELIZA COOK.

The same Number contains
A NEW WALTZ,
By W. H. Montgomery, being the first of a series of original pieces of Music,
which will be continued weekly.
With No. 2 is presented a New Ballad, by Albert Dawes.
With No. 3 is

PRESENTED, GRATIS,
Supplement of New Designs of Fancy Needlework, obtained direct from
Paris; also, a new and original Mazurka, by E. L. Glascock (Mrs. Henry
Arnold).

With No. 4 another Supplement was
PRESENTED, GRATIS,
Containing a New Set of Quizzes.

With No. 5 is published simultaneously
A COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE PARIS
FASHIONS

for the Month. The same Number also contains a New Ballad,
composed by W. H. Montgomery; the Poetry by
ELIZA COOK.

With No. 6 is presented GRATIS the
STANDARD OF ENGLAND QUADRILLES.
Dedicated to Lord Hamilton and the English Volunteers.
With No. 7

THE PET POLKA.

With No. 8 is
PRESENTED, GRATIS,
Another Eight-Page Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and
Patterns of Needlework, direct from Paris.

With No. 9,
WHEN I WAS A MAIDEN PRETTY.

With No. 10,
FANNY'S VALSE.

With No. 11,
THE AIDE-DE-CAMP GALOP.

With No. 12 is
PRESENTED GRATIS,
Another Supplement, comprising all the Newest Fashions and Patterns of
Needlework, direct from Paris.

No. 13 will contain
THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

No. 14 will contain the
MAGNOLIA POLKA.

. The attention of Ladies is specially called to the above-mentioned
novelty.
OBSERVATIONS.—No. 1, New Series, contains Twenty-four Pages, Nine
Engravings, Original Music, and is accompanied by the Figure of the
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The above picture will not be issued after November 9th.

One Penny; per post, Two pence. Send two stamps.

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SHAKSPEARE, TWO SHILLINGS.

The complete works of Shakspeare, elegantly bound, containing thirty-seven
illustrations and portrait of the author, now publishing.

. Clergymen and schools liberally treated with large quantities.

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THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Now publishing, a magnificent engraving of
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.
Drawn by that celebrated artist, JOHN GILBERT.

The picture measures 20 inches by 28, is carefully printed on plate paper
expressly for framing, and may be considered one of the finest specimens
of Wood-Engraving ever presented to the public.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

THE LADIES' FAVOURITE—BOW BELLS.

NOTICE.

The companion picture to
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
being the second of the series of beautiful coloured engravings, which will
be issued from time to time with

"BOW BELLS,"

will be published simultaneously with the Great
WHITTINGTON NUMBER

ON
LORD MAYOR'S DAY,
November 9th.

The original drawing is made expressly for this magazine by the cele-
brated artist, Huard. The subject chosen is

DICK WHITTINGTON AT HIGHGATE,
turning towards London, and listening to the
SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

A Supplement of
ELEGANT NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS,
obtained direct from Paris, will also be

PRESENTED, GRATIS.

Immense expense and labour have been bestowed in producing a
Number of rare excellence.

Amongst the most important features may be mentioned the commence-
ment of an entirely

NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE,

founded on facts, and entitled

DICK WHITTINGTON,
THIRCE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Illustrated by EDWARD COMBOLD.

A new ballad, called

TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY,

Words by

ELIZA COOK.

A full-page engraving, representing

A PORTRAIT OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,

Whittington College, Old St. Paul's,
Bow Church, Whittington's Stone at High-
gate's.

Drawn by W. B. PRIOR.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES,

Illustrated.

FINE ARTS—"THE LOST CHANGE"

From an original painting by W. H. KNIGHT.

The new and popular tale of

TWENTY STRAWS.

Illustrated by Huard.

Continuation of the admirable story of

DOCTOR POMEROY.

Illustrated by PALMER.

PORTRAIT OF MR. ALDERMAN HALE,

LORD MAYOR.

Drawn by WILSON.

LADIES' PAGES,

Illustrated with Patterns of Needlework of the Newest Fashions.

ONE PENNY, with SUPPLEMENT, GRATIS.

WITH COLOURED PICTURE, TWOPENCE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

ANNIVERSARIES		H. W. L. B.
D.	D.	A. M. P. M.
22	S	Spohr, the composer, died, 1859 6 36 7 2
23	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity 7 33 8 9
24	M	Daniel Webster died, 1852 8 50 9 28
25	T	St. Crispin. Sir J. Graham died, 1861... 10 4 10 41
26	W	Battle of Balaclava, 1854... .. 11 41 11 43
27	T	Captain Cook born, 1728 — 0 7
28	F	St. Simon. J. Lock died, 1701 0 25 0 48
Moon Changes.—Last quarter, 22nd, 11h. 28m. a.m.		
Sunday Lessons		
MORNING.		AFTERNOON.
Proverbs 2; St. Luke 9.		Proverbs 3; Ephes. 3.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand
that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our
correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information
themselves.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS
313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
News from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single
number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr.
Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's
Subscription is 2s. 6d. for the Standard Edition. It is particularly re-
quested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-
carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be in-
dicated by the journal being sent in a wrapper. Receipt stamps
cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and
REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom
for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a
quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may
remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313
Strand.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

R. W. D.—A City apprentice must continue to serve out his time even
although he be of age.

S. Y. I.—You must consult an attorney. A lawyer's consulting fee,
either personally or by letter, is 6s. 8d. It would cost you about £10 to
pass through the Bankruptcy Court, unless your case be a com-
plicated one; and then you must employ counsel, which would be three
or four guineas more. An ordinary case of divorce costs about £20.
If you do not know a respectable London solicitor, we can recommend
you one, on sending us your address.

D. L. I.—There are no dangers in the Excise: they are in the Custom
House. You must have good interest to procure a nomination. The
examination consists of exercises to test hand-writing and orthography,
English composition, geography, English history, and arithmetic up to
decimal fractions (inclusive).

B. C. U.—You must possess good interest to procure a nomination for any
Government situation. Tide-waiters in the Customs must pass an ex-
amination in writing lessons in English from dictation, the weights and
measures, and the first four rules of arithmetic.

ROLLA.—Mr. Egerton was lessee of Sadler's Wells from 1821 to 1824.

R. P.—Fauntleroy, the banker, was hung at the Old Bailey, the 30th of
November, 1824, for forging orders for the transfer of stock.

F. N.—The law regulates brokers' charges up to 20s. but not beyond it.

PROG.—Neil Gwynne first appeared at "the King's House," now called
Drury Lane, in 1666.

B. W.—An action for breach of promise could be maintained even though
the party may still remain single.

REFORMER.—The Reform Bill was read for the second time on July 6th,
1831. The majority for the second reading was 367.

B. N.—The Curtain Theatre, from which is derived Curtain-road, is men-
tioned as far back as 1677.

GEORGE T.—A presentation for the admission of a boy into the Blackcoat
School, to be bred, clothed, and educated for seven years, is equivalent to
a gift of 150*l.*, and therefore not easily obtainable.

JULIET.—Miss Farnley played Lady Teazle on April 8, 1797. This was her
last performance prior to marrying the Earl of Derby.

R. P.—The Chelsea Waterworks were originally founded in 1724.

WALTER J.—The oldest record of wax-works in England is the West-
minster Abbey collection. Gasts were taken of high personages prior to
being buried there. These figures were dressed in the robes of the
deceased, and carried with the body to the Abbey. Queen Elizabeth,
King William and Queen Mary, and the wax figures of the majority of
the early kings and queens were so deposited in wainscot presses. This
exhibition was continued till 1839.

Z. T.—Grimaldi's farewell benefit was on June 27th, 1818. He died May
31st, 1837.

F. O.—You cannot stop your lodgers' goods till the rent is actually due.
They are at liberty to remove the same at any time prior to the expira-
tion of the notice.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

WHETHER for good or for evil, the commander of the army of the
Potomac has once more devoted himself earnestly to that task which
not only he, but all his predecessors, have hitherto in vain at-
tempted to accomplish—namely, the capture of Richmond. The
grand army of the North has been largely reinforced within the
past few weeks, and already some of those preliminary operations
have taken place which must be considered the harbingers of a
great and combined effort which it is fondly hoped by the Federal
Government will prove successful. Never, certainly, before has
the attack on Richmond been pursued with equal pertinacity; never
have such gigantic sacrifices been made to ensure success; and
never have the outposts of the besieging army approached so close
to the walls of the threatened city. Never before did the North
employ so numerous or so well appointed an army as that which
followed Grant across the Rappahannock, and which now, after
many vicissitudes and terrible reverses, is encamped on
the banks of the James River. Military engineers say
that the reduction of a besieged town is a mere question of
time, and so it undoubtedly is if the town is invested. Rich-
mond can never have been said to have been besieged in
the strict sense of that term, and therefore the dictum to which we
have referred does not in the present instance admit of application.
But although the communications of Richmond with the West are
intact, it is not without just apprehension that the friends of the
Southern Confederacy see the legions of the North closing in upon
the capital. It is, however, in the history of the past that they find
their chief consolation, and so often have they seen the Federal
forces obliged to return in discomfiture from before the defences of
a city which they proclaimed to be doomed, that they are fain to
believe that however often, or under whatever circumstances, their
efforts are renewed, the result must always be the same. To our
minds Richmond was in greater danger last May than it is now,
but nevertheless the operations of the Federal lieutenant-general
are not to be despised. He evidently intends striking a blow the
effect of which it will need all the vigilance and all the resources
of the Confederate commander-in-chief to counteract.

It is not one of the pleasantest features of the present day that in
certain districts of this island incendiarianism is becoming the fashion.
It is the more to be regretted, because, if all crimes, incendiarianism is
the one which causes an amount of misery, and gives rise to anxiety
and apprehension, out of all proportion to the damage which is
actually done. Many of our readers are old enough to remember
the panic which was occasioned in the eastern counties by the
Swing riots, more than a quarter of a century ago, and which at
one time called into existence a special volunteer force, composed of
the members of the University of Cambridge. There are middle-
aged officers among us who have been quartered even so near
London as Reading, with a detachment of the Grenadier Guards,
to stop the progress of incendiarianism in the surrounding district.
But the mania, like other mischievous manias, had its day, and
had, it was hoped, died out. Now and then, of course, a solitary
fire occurred, of the origin of which it was extremely difficult
to give any satisfactory account, but even then charity pointed
to the summe that it might have been accidentally occa-
sioned, especially with the increased danger which we all
labour under of conflagrations of all kinds by the uni-
versal use of lucifer matches, and the inexperienced hands to
which these dangerous little engines of destruction are incessantly
entrusted. It was, however, only at the last winter assizes that
one of her Majesty's judges felt himself bound to comment pointedly
upon the great augmentation in incendiarianism which had taken place
during the few preceding months. The increase of the crime did
not seem to be attributable to any definite promptings of a vin-
dictive spirit, but was to be traced either to a desire to commit some
crime, or to a pure love of mischief on the part of its perpetrators.
In not a few instances, of which the home counties were the scene,
soldiers were found to have been the offenders, and openly stated
that their being tired of the army, and desiring to leave it, had been
the only ground for the commission of the offence. About the
same time "the Wolds" of North Lincolnshire and Yorkshire be-
came the scene of a series of destructive conflagrations, the losses
by which were estimated to have exceeded £30,000. That they
were of a decidedly incendiary character was admitted upon all
hands. Although taking place at some distance from each
other, they were all in the same district, and mostly occurred
in the stackyards of those farmers who were supposed
to be, rightly or wrongly, unpopular in their own neighbourhoods.
It was pretty generally understood that the principal agents in the
work of mischief were those maniacs known as the "Wold
rangers," and two of whom rejoiced in the nicknames of Big Ben
and Luther Blunderbuss. For a considerable time these miscreants
contrived to evade the notice of the police—not, it is to be feared,
without the connivance of the peasantry. One by one, however,
they have been arrested, the last of them only a fortnight ago, and
incarcerated for longer or shorter terms of imprisonment, upon
charges of arson, or of poaching offences, for which they had been
long wanted. It was hoped, accordingly, that with the last of the
"Wold rangers" the country had seen the last of the fire. Never
were hopes doomed to a more striking disappointment. On the
very day that the prison doors closed upon the last known incen-
diary the fires themselves recommenced. Within four days after-
wards as many fires had occurred within the limits of the same dis-
trict, but a considerable distance from each other—one at Scowby,

south of the Hamber; one at Innisthorpe; one at Barton, again near the Hamber; and one north of that estuary, in the neighbourhood of Beverley. Many thousand pounds' worth of damage has been done. The whole country is again in a state of alarm; the police force is harassed by incessant patrols, and the farmers themselves are compelled to have private watchmen about their farm buildings all night.

THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER TALLAHASSEE.

A LETTER from Richmond of a recent date contains the following:—"The commander of the Confederate war vessel Tallahassee has reached Richmond, looking none the worse for his late voyage, and evidently not troubled in conscience about the thirty-three Yankee ships he has burned, or released on ransom bonds. I regret to say that, according to the account he gives—and I do not know a more truthful and worthy gentleman—of the behaviour of the Halifax authorities, their conduct, and particularly that of Admiral Hope, is not over-creditable to the national character for hospitality, and showed a want of impartiality between the two unfairly matched belligerents. The commander of the Tallahassee, when he first went in, stated his case to Governor McDonald, and had that official been let alone all would have gone on well, and the Tallahassee would have received the treatment usually accorded to vessels of war. All Captain Wood asked was permission to coal his vessel and two or three days' time to do it in, and this was at first freely accorded. But the American consul was near by means of the telegraph to Mr. Seward; and Mr. Seward was near enough, as all know, by some other form of magnetic connection, to Lord Lyons, whose despatches at once produced an entire change in the deportment of the officials at Halifax. Rudeness was instantly substituted for the courtesy of the day before. Instead of a reasonable supply of coal, the Tallahassee was out down to 100 tons, not enough in case of accident or of a chase by Yankee cruisers. Of course this broke up the cruise, as Mr. Seward probably intended it should. But this was not all. Not only was Captain Wood treated by Admiral Hope with extreme personal discourtesy, but it was deemed proper to subject his vessel to the espionage of a British officer and of an armed boat's crew. The last, I am happy to state, was withdrawn on the protest of the captain. The Tallahassee went to sea without putting in a mainmast, and is now re-arriving at Wilmington, a point where Lord Lyons's mandates are not respected. Such is the conduct for which I can find no excuse, unless Admiral Hope is of the impression that the United States are the weaker party in the struggle, and that true magnanimity consists in leaning to their side on every occasion."

THE NEGROES OF PAINE.

AN American letter thus describes the ruffianly conduct of General Paine, Federal governor of Kentucky:—"Without doubt the most horrible example of the perfect reign of terror through which the people of Kentucky are ruled by the present Federal Administration that has yet come to light is exhibited in the case of the military government of one Paine (I will not call him general) at Paducah, in that State. This horrid wretch would have been welcomed with open arms by the red-handed fiends whose deeds in the French revolution have become a universal blessing for all time. To say nothing of his wholesale robberies and indiscriminate plunderings, the damnable crimes he otherwise committed stamp him with eternal infamy. It was his public boast that, by his direction, citizens of Paducah had been 'covered up with dirt in forty-five minutes from the time of their arrest.' The number of those he executed without the shadow of law, military or civil, is unknown; but at Paducah alone forty-three graves are pointed out as those of his victims. In many instances men were led out to death without even hearing what charges were preferred against them. Grey-haired tottering men and straggled youths alike went down into the grave before his demonic will. The most respectable citizens of Paducah, men who had remained faithful to the Government of the United States in all its trials, were led before him, and when not ordered to execution were abused most shamefully, called 'damned old traitors,' 'damned secessionists,' and other names, opprobrious, or meant to be so; the oldest and wealthiest families were turned out of their houses to make room for dirty and degraded negroes; two ladies, sixty years of age, were torn from their homes and sent into Canada under a negro guard; citizens were arrested without warrant and sent down the river (the names of forty-two such are given), and their personal property and homesteads confiscated for the benefit of Paine's lickspittles; notorious prostitutes were escorted to banking-houses, and there received large sums in gold from the bankers at the demand of military officers, who thus robbed honest men of their earnings, without a scruple, to feed the vanity of the abandoned women who ministered to their base passions; the quarters of other officers were fitted up with elegant furniture, stolen from the residences of private citizens; stores were closed, and allowed to be opened only after the payment of heavy sums of money. In short, there was no crime, no species of corruption, too gross for this man Paine. These assertions are not founded on idle rumour; they are copied from the report of the military commission, appointed by General Meredith, Paine's successor, to inquire into the alleged abuses. When General Meredith came to Paducah he found it difficult to obtain any evidence in the matter, so completely cowed down were the citizens of the place; but on publicly offering protection to all who would come forward and testify the head-quarters of the commanding officer were fairly besieged by people anxious to pour forth the history of their wrongs. The cause of the change in military governors was that so many charges had been preferred against Paine that an investigation could not be avoided; but on arriving at Paducah the president of the commission, Meredith, found that Paine had fled to his home in Illinois, and that all the members of his staff had also run away. Paine, it is estimated, robbed the citizens of Paducah of 150,000 dollars, and many of his companions to guilt accumulated equally large sums. All these things are sworn to by respectable citizens, and their evidence is embodied in the report of the commission."

A FEMALE DETECTIVE.—At Wandsworth Police-court, two young girls, who gave the names Mary Ann Smith and Mary Ann Davis, were charged with the following impudent robbery:—Catherine Ripley, who gave her evidence in a very intelligent manner, said she was a needlewoman, and lived in White-square, Clapham. About a quarter past five in the evening she saw the prisoners in company together, and walking. They passed her and stopped in front of a milliner's shop. Davis stood on the step of the door apparently looking at some prints, while her companion spread out her cloak, and witness then saw her tug at some flannel which was hanging on a rail at the side of the door. She made a second attempt to remove the flannel. She drew it from off the rail, placed it under her cloak, and then walked away. The other prisoner stood on the step quite unconcerned. She afterwards walked away. Witness saw the shopkeeper and gave him information of the robbery. Mr. James Frost, a draper, of High-street, Clapham, said that on receiving the information he went in search of the prisoners, and after going through several streets he found them in company together. He also found the flannel under the clothes of Smith, who said the other prisoner gave it to her. Mr. Dayman remanded the prisoners for inquiry.

The Court.

Her Majesty and the junior members of the royal family are expected to leave Balmoral on Monday, the 24th inst., and to arrive at Windsor Castle early next morning.

The Queen continues in the enjoyment of excellent health at Balmoral, with Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, and Prince Leopold. The infant son of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Countess De Grey, arrived at Balmoral on Monday, from Denmark, and will return with her Majesty and the royal family to Windsor on Tuesday next.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK.

THE ROYAL HUNT IN THE BEECH WOODS NEAR FREDENSBORG.

On page 297 we give an illustration of the royal hunt near Fredensborg, which took place on Oct. 10th. The following account, from a correspondent, is appended to the sketch:—

"Precisely at ten o'clock the long train of hunting waggons, each drawn by a pair of horses, passed down the avenue from the palace door, where some of the royal ladies made their appearance for a moment to see the gentlemen off and wish them a pleasant day's sport. In the first vehicle were his Majesty the King and Prince of Wales, both looking remarkably well, and seemingly engaged in animated conversation. About twelve or fourteen carriages followed, conveying the gentlemen of the suite and those invited to take part in the royal chase. Amongst the former were the comptroller of the Prince of Wales's household, the lord in waiting on his royal highness, and the equerry in waiting. The place of rendezvous was about four or five miles distant, and the usual cordon was formed, and the usual search through the woods by the beaters was put in practice.

Seventeen large stags were the produce of the day's sport, and two or three of these fine animals are put down to the Prince of Wales's score, with a brace of foxes. I believe the Prince is an excellent shot when he gets the chance; and, sportsman to the backbone, no amount of walking seems to weary his royal highness as long as the slightest expectation of starting the game remains. It was some time after the close of day on Saturday when the long line of Holstein waggons found its way back to Fredensborg Palace, and a few minutes after the arrival every window in the old chateau seemed blazing with light. There is a small dance every evening, and the elder folks sit at small card-tables, and while away the time with a quiet rub of whist. I believe there will be a continuation of the shooting parties next week, and if this lovely autumn weather continues, and the same luck attends the royal sportsmen, venison will become a drug around the castle; and who knows but a haunch may sometimes find its way to our comfortable table at Elnesore, which is not more than half a dozen miles' distance from Fredensborg? As to the ordinary flesh meat in Denmark, it has been of a wretchedly bad quality during all the past summer and autumn, those Epicurean invaders, the Prussians and Austrians, keeping the fat of the land all to themselves in Jutland, and preventing strictly the usual exportation to the islands. Fowls here are cheap enough and plentiful, but they are wonderfully small and ill-fattened, and Danish poultrymen seem to have the unpleasant habit of killing their tame birds a few hours before they are cooked, which has the effect of making the smallest and plumpest looking chicken a veritable *piece de resistance*. The Danes are not as good cooks as the French; but if they had their own excellent meat again from the peninsula, and would take one or two hints from strangers—the last thing, by the way, which this proud little people would do—one might live very comfortably in this kingdom. Wines are generally sufficiently good, and I believe always unadulterated; and the inferior descriptions are very cheap, and generally drunk by respectable people. Every day I more and more admire the sobriety of the Danes.

MAGNIFICENT DONATION TO THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, GRAY'S-ROAD.—An elderly lady, who has already contributed the sum of £700, in nine donations, to the funds of this very excellent charity, called at the hospital during the sitting of the weekly board, when, after making inquiries into the state of the funds, and inspecting a great portion of the building, with the general arrangements of which she was highly gratified, she handed a further donation of £300 to Dr. Marsden, the founder of the hospital, to meet the many demands on the institution.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE SOLDIER.—*Appropos* of the recent official inspection of Dover garrison by his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief, we are reminded of an *anecdote* respecting him which we are disposed to give for what it is worth. As the story goes, the duke was upon one occasion passing about among the men in barracks here, and was inquiring, as is his wont, if they had any complaints to make. None had any grievances to tell save one, who was known to his comrades as an habitual grumbler, and who complained that the rations served out to him were not fit to be eaten. "Very well, we will see," said the duke, and ordering the soldier's dinner to be brought he sat down and discussed the viands with an appetite that would have done credit to a farmer. When he had finished, he sharply rebuked the astonished soldier, and told him he had been well punished by the loss of his dinner. The affair became a standing joke in the regiment, and the luckless grumbler found himself placed in anything but an enviable position.

—*Dover Chronicle.*

M. DU CHAILLU.—The following letter has been received from the African traveller:—"Fernand-vaz River, Aug. 20, 1864.—Intending to send a boat to-morrow to Gaboon, with my letters for the mail, I should be very sorry to miss the opportunity of writing to you, being the last I will have from the coast, for in a few days I start for the interior. Since my arrival here I have sent two cargoes to London, and I am very glad to be through with the trading part. Enclosed you will find a cheque, with many thanks. I have succeeded in collecting about thirteen tons of rubber, which I sent in the Reshaw two days ago. I do not see that there is much difference with the other kind I have seen from the coast. I have sent a batch of gorillas to the British Museum, and I have also shipped a live one, which I sincerely hope will reach London safely. I had three of them alive three days before the vessel sailed. Now I am going to work in earnest, and I can assure you that I will find but very little time to feel lonely, for it would not do for a man who has no one to converse with to have nothing to occupy his mind in a country like this—the only danger is to fall ill, for one always feels dull afterwards. Thanks to a kind Providence, I have enjoyed very good health, though I have taken a good deal of quinine since my arrival on the coast, but generally as a preventive. I hope to go a long way into the interior. The bed you have made for me is a capital thing, and I will think of you often at the end of a day's work, when I shall rest comfortably on it. Post-office arrangements are not very good here, so do not give me up as a dead man if you are a year or two without hearing from me. I can only assure you that I will often think of you, and of the many pleasant hours we have spent together.—F. B. Du CHAILLU."

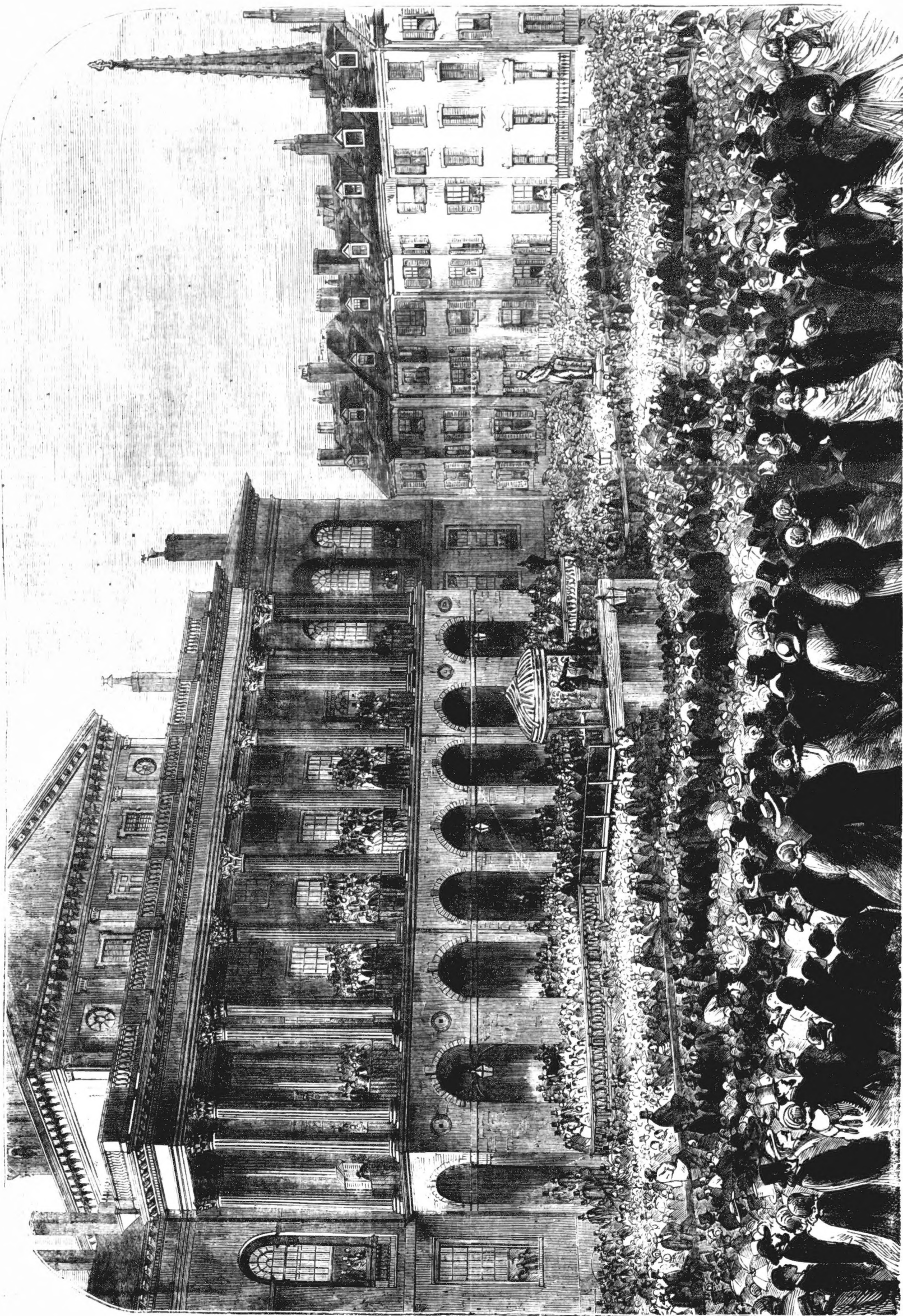
PRESENTATION TO MADLLE. TIETJENS.—During the interval between the first and second parts of a concert held at Birmingham on Wednesday night a handsome diamond ring was presented to this accomplished singer. The presentation was made by Mr. Mason, on behalf of the Birmingham Musical Festival.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

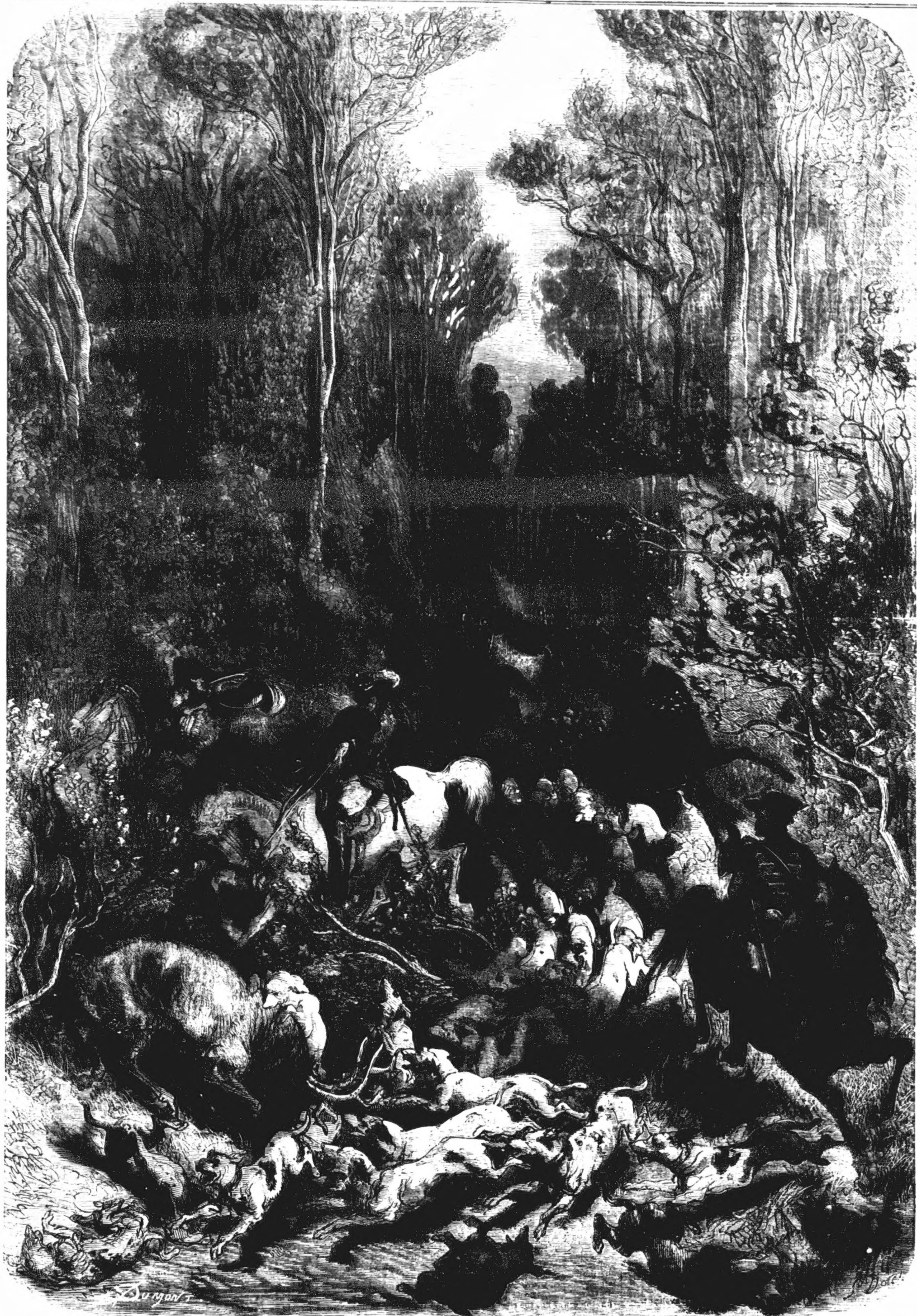
A COPENHAGEN letter contains the following:—"Next year we may look out for a grand tour in still more northerly regions; and there can be little doubt that the magnificent nuptials of the G and Duke of Russia and the Princess Dagmar, if they take place in St. Petersburg or Moscow, will be attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales in grand state, and with a suite worthy the greatness and magnificence of the country which calls them its own. The King and Queen of Denmark will, of course, be present to give away their lovely daughter. They are both of active habits, and little mind a long journey, if the affairs of the kingdom could only spare to his Majesty an occasional holiday. But Christian IX has arduous duties to perform in the present state of his kingdom, and while his Majesty attends, with all due hospitality, to his illustrious guests, he does not in the least neglect the calls of his country, and of his kingly position. For instance, this morning as the ordinary train from Elsinore to Copenhagen drew up at the Fredensborg Station, a tall, plainly dressed gentleman—certainly a gentleman to look at—with an officer in uniform, seemed waiting for a place. He moved across the platform, took a seat in a carriage, lighted his cigar, and was off. At Copenhagen this gentleman got out of the carriage about nine o'clock a.m.—he had started shortly after seven—and walked through the crowd of passengers to a coach which was in waiting. The driver and footmen of this coach had scarlet livery, and the gentleman who so quietly and unassumingly came there so early to the capital was the ruler of the nation, the good King Christian himself. Every Monday, his Majesty gives receptions at the palace, and to-day probably he had business of immense importance to his kingdom to transact with his Ministry, for there is serious news, whether of assured peace or of renewed war, I cannot say, from Vienna. His Majesty will devote the day to the conscientious and honest performance of his regal duties, and it will not be grudged him, that, like any other man of business, he should return in the evening to find tranquillity and happiness in the bosom of his loving and amiable family. The royal circle received what was probably an unexpected pleasure yesterday afternoon. As the usual passenger boat was coming across about midday from Helsingborg, which is a town opposite this on the Swedish side of the Sound, people here were surprised to see the old Ophelia bearing at her masthead the royal banner of Sweden. Royalty must surely be on board; but all doubts on this head were quickly cleared up by a salute from one of the ships lying outside the harbour. Her twenty-one guns had hardly alarmed the placid waters of the Sound with their thunder, when the Castle of Kronborg battery took up the repetition of the compliment, and fired a pealing salute, which rattled through the windows of Elsinore. Who was the illustrious individual? The mystery was soon solved. The tall, graceful figure of the Duke of the Ostrogoths, Prince Oscar of Sweden, and his handsome, bearded face, were soon recognised as he led from the ship to shore his amiable wife, the Princess. They were immediately conveyed to Fredensborg, where I think they must have arrived while the royal party at the castle were in the chapel. It may be imagined how gratifying the meeting was, especially to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had so recently experienced the daily and untiring attendance and kindness of Prince Oscar while they resided in his brother's dominions. The illustrious visitors remained for luncheon, and for a couple of hours afterwards, and left the chateau shortly after six, arriving at Elsinore before seven. They drove direct to the pier, where the Osborne yacht was lying, and went immediately on board, to the great gratification of all officers and men, who hold Prince Oscar in the highest esteem and respect. His off-hand unaffected manners are particularly taking with our gallant men and gentlemen of the sea. His royal highness was anxious to show the yacht to the Princess, his consort; and, thinking an opportunity might not again occur, even the late hour and the darkness did not prevent the visit. The Prince and his party, after remaining a short time on board, returned to the royal carriages, which had brought them down, and drove round to the timber jetty, where his stamer, the Hamlet, was lying. Scarcely had their royal highnesses got on board when the commander of the Osborne paid the Prince and Princess a compliment as gratifying as it was unexpected. A perfect shower of rockets was sent from the yacht, illuminating the dark sky; and that no jealousy might exist on land, the whole front of the yacht which lay towards the shore was brilliant in a moment with a beading of blue lights, which gave all the light of day to the harbour as the Prince's steamer went out between the wooden piers. His brother's subjects, who stood in crowds on the opposite shores of Sweden, must have witnessed the compliment paid to their beloved Prince, and it is pleasant to think that it was the ready thoughtfulness of English naval officers that threw so friendly and so picturesque a glow over the waters to light the heir to the Swedish Crown on his watery way to his brother's kingdom. Right well do the King and royal family and the people of Sweden deserve any compliment that England can pay; and whenever any of the three noble and royal brothers come to visit our country again I am sure they will meet a reception from the people of Great Britain which their splendid hospitality to our Prince so richly deserves. It is a singular fact worth noting, and showing the eminent personal position into which the marriage of his eldest daughter has brought the King of Denmark, that yesterday, at his hospitable luncheon table, were seated the heirs of four kingdoms. There sat, smiling and affable to all around him, the heir of England, and near him was the tall figure and pale, gentlemanlike features of the heir of all the Russias. The more matured and bearded face of the graceful heir of Sweden was at the same time looking across the table at the handsome countenance of the Crown Prince of Denmark. There together were present four young men who, a quarter of a century hence, may, in their dispositions and personal character, have an immense influence on the future of Europe; for, small and powerless as Denmark may now appear, the brother of kings and queens, and emperors, as the Crown Prince will be, whenever his royal highness comes to the Danish throne, he cannot be without immense influence too. Long may it be until any one of these young princes occupies a higher position than he holds at present. Far better for themselves, in the enjoyable days of their life, to be without the cares and sorrows of the kingly office! The King of Denmark, the first among them in rank yesterday, may well, from his own short experience, assure them that 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

DANGER OF SHOOTING GALLERIES AT FAIRS.—A MAN KILLED.

—An adjourned inquest was held at the Bell Inn, Finchbeck, near Spalding, touching the death of Thomas Holden, an industrious shoemaker, who came by his death under the following peculiar circumstances. From the evidence adduced, it appears that the poor fellow was partaking of some refreshment in a booth at Peterborough fair, when he was struck by a bullet from a neighbouring rifle gallery. The bullet passed through his left arm and lung, and lodged in the cavity of the chest. The services of three medical gentlemen were called in, but the bullet could not be abstracted, and he died a day or two after. William Pettit, proprietor of the shooting-gallery, stated that the head of the bolt which held the plate to the back of the target-box had been broken off, and that the plate had slipped down. He had not had an accident before, but he knew an instance where a ball from a gallery entered a window frame. (From the appearance of the wooden box it was evident more than one bullet had passed through it.) The adjourned inquiry lasted upwards of five hours, and the jury were dismissed, not being able to agree on the evidence. It is but fair to state that the owner of the gallery did everything possible for the wounded man.



THE APPROACHING STRUGGLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF AMERICA.—GREAT MASS MEETING IN FAVOUR OF GENERAL McCLELLAN AT BOSTON. (See page 295.)



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO DENMARK.—THE ROYAL HUNT IN THE BEECH WOODS NEAR FREDENSBORG. (See page 295.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

At COVENT GARDEN, the Royal English Opera Company (batter) have fairly entered on their tour. "Marianello" was the opening opera on Saturday evening last, introducing several new singers for public favour. We shall give a full notice in our next—Mr. Harrison opens Her Majesty's on Monday, November 7th, previous to which a series of Italian operas will be presented. Among the company appearing will be—Signor Geronzi, Mr. Bentley, Signor Bassi, Signor Casaboni; Middle Geronzi, Madame Tassini, and Signor Tassini. Signor Arditi is the conductor.—DRURY LANE is still continuing its prosperous career in the performance of the legitimate drama. "Cymbeline" and "Henry the Fourth" (first part) have been the attractions for the week, with Falconer's new farce of "The O'Flaherty's." This latter is unquestionably a failure, and if not received more favourably than on its first representation will doubtless be withdrawn. The appearance of Miss Helen Faucit was the signal for the most enthusiastic cheering. The audience rose en masse, waving hats and handkerchiefs from all parts. Miss Helen Faucit was considerably overcome at the great ovation. She was greatly cheered also throughout the part of Imogen, which recalled her exquisite performance of the past. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Creswick were both recalled, and Miss Helen Faucit received an additional call before the curtain. This evening (Saturday), "Othello" will be again produced.—The DAYMARKET maintains its attractive bill with the play of "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle." The other pieces of the week have been "Macbeth and Ariadne," "Box and Cox," and "Our Mary Ann."—The ADDELPHI has been crowded nightly to witness Mr. Collins in his Siberian impersonations. "Bory O'More" and "The Irish Ambassador" have offered rare scope for this talented comedian.—The PRINCESS, with "The Streets of London" and "Born to Good Luck," continues as attractive as ever.—SADLER'S WELLS, in addition to the admirable and well-acted drama of "The Witch Finder," has also played "The Corsican Brothers" on the stage in a most efficient manner.—The CRYSTAL PALACE continues its laughable and amusing burlesque of "The Miller and his Men," "Milk White," and "Unlimited Confidence."—The SWAN has this week put forth a round of Shakespearian works, including "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello," concluding with the drama of "A Fight with Fate."—ASTLEY'S continues to crowd nightly, attracted by the spirited performances of Miss Ada Menken as the hero in "Mazepa."—The VICTORIA has produced a local drama, entitled "Life in Lambeth," and the farce of "I was I."—The NEW ROYALTY still puts forward "Izora" as its principal feature, together with "The Demon Lover" and "My Dress Boots."—The CITY OF LONDON has added another powerful drama to "The Slaves of London," entitled "The Mountain Flower."—The BRITANNIA has revived "The Miller and his Men," and the drama of "The Mother's Dying Child."—The STANDARD has a new burlesque, entitled "The Forty Thieves," and still plays "The Market Cross."—The PAVILION is drawing good audiences to witness "The Octoroon" and "The Idiot of the Mill."—at the GREEK, Mr. Conquest has produced "The Phantom Captain," and a variety of other attractions.—The EFFINGHAM has revived "The Robber of the Pyrenees" and "Summer and Winter."

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REID, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; and MR. AND MRS. ANDERSON, at St. James's Hall, are attracting large and delighted audiences.

STAND MUSIC HALL.—This elegant and highly ornamental structure is now opened to the public. Saturday evening was the inaugural night, when the hall was crowded. The instrumental department is very strong, under the leadership of Mr. F. Kingsbury. Several ladies, new to the public, have appeared as vocalists. We must pay another visit before giving a more lengthy notice.

DEACON'S MUSIC HALL.—Two concerts in aid of the Myddleton Lifeboat Fund took place here on Tuesday and Wednesday evening. Both nights were well patronised. The hall was given entirely free by Mr. Deacon; nearly all the available professional talent gave their services gratuitously, as well as those engaged in getting up the concert. On a previous occasion £100 was paid over to the Royal Humane Society. We trust the last concert may prove equally successful.

PHILHARMONIC.—This magnificent music hall, at Islington, is crowded nightly, and while such excellent entertainment is kept up it must continue to be so. The admirable selections, under the able directorship of Mr. George Allen, are exceedingly well performed. The comic talent is unusually strong. Miss Lizzie Harris is the prima donna, and is deservedly popular. She has this week introduced the pretty ballad of "Those Beautiful Bells" (words by W. H. Williams, and music by W. H. Montgomery), which first appeared in Bow Bells. Miss Lizzie Harris, we perceive, takes her flight on Tuesday next, the 25th.

THEATRICALS IN AMERICA.

The principal theatres in New York, notwithstanding the critical point to which the war is now verging, continue to remain open, and what is more, to attract tolerably good houses. Forrest is drawing crowded houses at Niblo's, in a round of Shakespearian characters, and also "The Duke's Motto." Mr. J. W. Wallack and Mr. E. L. Davenport are playing at Boston. At San Francisco, "Mazepa" is being performed at both the Opera House and Metropolitan. At each the heroes are represented by females, their particularly light attire shocking the modesty of many Californian editors. On page 301 we give an illustration of the New Opera House at New Orleans. At this time of the year many of the principal singers, after the London season, were wont to depart for the best operatic audiences in America. Since the war, however, the opera at New Orleans has not been able to maintain its former life. This is much to be regretted, as the inhabitants of New Orleans are great admirers of the best classical music. We trust it will not be long ere the people may again return to their own peaceful enjoyments.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Broccoli, unless very much sheltered, should be taken up and laid in by their heels close together to preserve the plants from the frost. Fill up vacancies in cabbages and other greens. Continue to earth up celery. Tie up endive for blanching; sow a few Mangel-wurzel broad beans in a favourable situation for transplanting early in spring. Plant shallots and garlic in light and dry soil. Give air freely to cabbages in frames during fine days. Hand-weed autumn sowings of onions. Take up the whole of the principal crops of carrots, and let them be thoroughly dry before storing away in sand. Refer again to last week's advice for anything left undone.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Look to layers of carnations and pinks. Plant early spring flowers, such as anemones, crocuses, snowdrops, jonquils, primroses, polyanthus, wall-flowers, narcissi, &c. Remove suckers of lilacs, to give strength to the tree. Divide and plant out pansies. Transplant evergreens and shrubs.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed with the planting of fruit trees in the open ground or against walls. Should the ground prove too rich a few barrows of loam or field mould will be an improvement.

Sporting.

TATTERSALL'S—MONDAY.

As the "legitimate" racing season draws to a close, the gatherings at Hyde Park Corner are always more numerous patronised than at any other period of the year after Goodwood. This may be accounted for from the fact that the Cesarewitch, the greatest of the autumn handicaps, entails a heavy settling, added to which the Cambridgehire, which comes off within a fortnight, often necessitates a large amount of speculation. The former line of business always takes precedence, and it generally happens that the dense crowds, and the difficulty of locomotion, prolong the settling much beyond the time necessary were there no such difficulties in the way. As it is, however, the fatigues of an important settling are of themselves quite sufficient for a day, and many who come with the intention of combining bookmaking, or backing, with the squaring of accounts, are obliged to leave with only the latter but partially completed. Such was the case to-day; and, although the subjoined list of quotations may be supposed to represent the available money in the market, it falls short of what might have been done had time allowed. The "differences" on the Cesarewitch, so far as they went, appeared to be settled very amicably, and no complaints—at least of a radical nature—were heard, the only whisper in the shape of discontent that fell upon our ear being a wish that those who had to "part" would come "a little quicker." The favourite of the Cambridgehire showed no signs of being displaced, although not backed for a great deal of money, while Brick and Stockinger were in great force, at their respective prices. Accident and Prince Plausible were decidedly the firmest of the next division; but Saccharometer sorely puzzled those who took shortish prices about him at the Victoria Club in the forenoon. Among the outsiders the Highflyer's dam colt had most friends, one staunch adherent of the snug little stable having taken 1,000 to 20 four times. The owner of the favourite, too, determining to have two strings to his bow, took one big bet of 10,000 to 100 about Battaglia, a transaction which was a sort of a poser to the few who were within earshot, all of whom expressed, evidently wondering what to make of it. The Derby was slightly touched upon, but nothing was done worth chronicling excepting 1,000 to 30 against four times against Oppressor, and the same price against Zaubazi, while forty "fifties" were also booked about Longdown, although the latter rallied slightly towards the finish, 35 to 1 being the highest offer. Closing prices:—

THE CAMBRIDGEHIRE.—6 to 1 agst Mr. W. Robinson's Gratitude (t); 9 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Brick (t); 11 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's Stockinger (t freely); 100 to 8 agst Lord Westmoreland's Tattoo (off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Dwyer's Accident (t); 100 to 7 agst The Marquis of Hastings's Ackworth (t and off); 15 to 1 agst Count Bathurst's Prince Plausible (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. W. Day's Muesin (t); 20 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer (t); 25 to 1 agst Due de Morny's Bayard (off); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Craven's Planet (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. E. Watson's Columbia (t); 33 to 1 agst Count P. de Lagrange's Gabrielle d'Estrees (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Hodgman's Valiant (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Mail Train (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. W. G. Bennett's Highflyer's dam colt (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Dark's King of Clubs (t); 100 to 1 agst Mr. W. Robinson's Battaglia (t).

THE DERBY.—6 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (off, t & 18 to 2); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Zambel (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Spencer's Longdown (t).

AQUATICS.

BOAT RACE AT PUTNEY.

A SCULLING RACE, which excited so small amount of interest, was rowed on Monday from Putney to Hammersmith, for £20, and although the stake was comparatively small the very name of one of the competitors was sufficient to draw together a vast concourse of spectators. The men were William Lane, a waterman of Westminster, who has never figured in anything grand before, and Frederick Lett, also a waterman, of Lambeth, but who has for a series of years past been held as a fine sculler for his age, and he has won Doggett's Coat and Badge, Morris's Coat and Badge, and money prizes to a great extent. Both the men are oldsters at the business. Lane is fifty-two years of age, and Lett is forty-six; both are about 10st 4lb, and stand five feet seven inches. The Volunteer, Captain Ayre, accompanied the race from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge with a good company, and accompanied Fred. Kelly, the referee, F. Stevenson, umpire for Lane, and G. Dwyer for Lett. The ex-champion, H. Kelly, and T. Pocock showed up Lane and Lett respectively, Lane having trained at Kelly's, and Lett at home. Lett won the station, and after one false start and a lot of fiddling they got off. Lett, upon whom the betting was 2 to 1 and 7 to 4, made the rowing at so terrific a pace that he was clear in 100 yards, and at Simmonds's two lengths ahead. From here to the Point Lane crept up, and rowing very well and steadily, was level at Oraven Cottage. Lett did his utmost, but he had now no more in him, and at the Crab Tree things were reversed, and Lane led by more than a clear length. Lett gave him no rest over the water, and was over him at the Soap Works, but as each seemed to strain every nerve and muscle, it was evident that they were too near home for Lett to get up, and he was beaten at Hammersmith by only half a length.

THE DAGGER AND THE BOWL.—"A Carlsruhe letter," says the *Debates*, "relates an extraordinary tragedy said to have just taken place in that city, but which we give under every reserve. A Polish count, named K—, after seducing a Mlle de la B—, one of the most charming ladies of Carlsruhe, abandoned her in order to marry the Marquise de L—. Mlle de la B— tried every means to win back her faithless lover, but finding her efforts useless, determined to be avenged. A grand ball was given a few days back at the residence of the Marquise to celebrate the betrothal with the Count. The fête was at its height, when Mlle de la B— approached the Marquise with a smile on her lips, as if about to salute her, and then dashed the contents of a phial of sulphuric acid into her face. A short time before a servant in livery had handed a letter to the Count. After reading it the latter turned pale, and immediately went out. The next day his body was discovered stabbed with a poniard in three places, while that of Mlle de la B— was found in a river which runs at a short distance from the town. The Marquise is disfigured for life."—*Galignani's Messenger*.

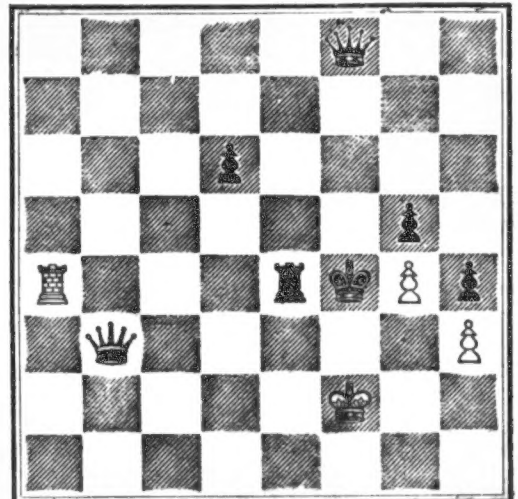
A MAIDEN SESSION.—The Recorder of Folkestone, J. J. Lonsdale, Esq., held a maiden session, and was presented by the deputy-mayor with white kid gloves. It is several years since such an event occurred in the town, and taken in connexion with the great increase in the population and the large numbers of military now stationed in the neighbouring Shorncliffe camp, the circumstance is strong testimony to improvement in both civilians and soldiers.

WORKMEN'S SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—A crowded meeting of the executive and friends of this movement took place at the old literary rendezvous, St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, on Tuesday evening week; Mr. R. Moore in the chair. A long list of subscribers having been read over, in which many well-known names appeared, it was reported that sheets of the Shakespeare-heads, containing seventy penny receipts, were now ready to be issued to persons who felt an interest in the movement, and that a large number had already been applied for from benefit, trades, and working men's literary societies. Also that 500 collecting boxes had been prepared for distribution throughout the metropolis and provinces. A rumour having reached the committee that Primrose-hill might not, after all, be available for the purpose of the monument, it was stated that there was not the slightest foundation for such rumour.

Chess

PROBLEM No. 213.—By W. G.

Black



White.

White to move, and make in three moves.

Game between Mr. Kolisch and a Polish amateur.

- | White.
Mr. K. | Black.
Mr. —. |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. P to K 4 | 2. P to Q 4 |
| 3. K P takes Q P | 3. P takes P (a) |
| 4. K Kt to B 3 | 4. Q takes P |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3 | 5. Q to Q square |
| 6. P to Q 4 | 6. K B to Q 3 |
| 7. B to Q B 4 | 7. K Kt to B 3 |
| 8. Castles | 8. Castles |
| 9. Kt to K 5 | 9. P to Q B 4 |
| 10. Q B takes P | 10. P takes P |
| 11. Kt takes K B P (b) | 11. B takes Kt |
| 12. B takes R (ch) | 12. K takes B |
| 13. B takes B | 13. Q takes B (c) |
| 14. Kt to K 4 | 14. Q to K 4 |
| 15. Kt takes Kt | 15. P takes Kt |
| 16. R to K square | 16. Q to Q B 4 |
| 17. Q to Q 8 | 17. P to K B 4 |
| 18. Q to K R 3 (d) | 18. K to Kt 2 |
| 19. Q to Kt 3 (ch) | 19. K to B 2 |
| 20. Q to R 4 | 20. K to Kt 3 |
| 21. R to K 7 | 21. P to K R 4 |
| 22. Q to Kt 3 (ch), & wins. | |

- (a) The usual move is P to K 5.
 (b) Well played. A little examination will show that this sacrifice is perfectly sound, although the consequences are not immediately obvious.
 (c) If he play P takes Q Kt, White may reply with Q to Q 5 (ch), &c.
 (d) The terminating moves are played in Mr. Kolisch's best style.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 206.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1. R takes Kt | 1. Any move |
| 2. R to Q 8 | 2. " " |
| 3. B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 207.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q takes R (ch) | 1. B takes Q |
| 2. B to K R 5 (ch) | 2. K to Kt 4 (a) |
| 3. R to Kt 4 (ch) | 3. K takes B |
| 4. Kt mates | |
| 2. | (a) 2. K to K R 2 |
| 3. B to K B 7 | 3. K moves |
| 4. R mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 208.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to K R 8 | 1. P takes B |
| 2. R to Kt square | 2. Any move |
| 3. R mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 209.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to K 4 (ch) | 1. K moves |
| 2. R to K B 4 (ch) | 2. K takes R |
| 3. Kt to Q 5 (ch) | 3. K moves |
| 4. P mates | |

THE YELVERTON APPEAL CASE.—After the opinions in this case were delivered in the House of Lords on the 28th of July, a draught of the intended judgment was transmitted to the solicitors for the parties, whereby it was proposed, in the action of the declarator of marriage, to reverse the judgment of the First Division of the Court of Session, and to absolve the appellant, Major Yelverton, from the conclusions of the summons; and in the action of declarator of freedom and putting to silence to give judgment in favour of Major Yelverton in terms of both conclusions of the summons, as had been done by Lord Ardmillan in the first judgment of the cause; but in both cases without expenses. The summons of declarator of freedom and putting to silence contained not only the leading conclusion to have the defender, Mrs. Yelverton, put to silence, but also a second conclusion to have her found liable to the appellant, Major Yelverton, in £50 of damages. It was maintained for Mrs. Yelverton, first before the chief clerk of the House of Lords, and afterwards before Sir John Shaw Lefevre, but without success, that not only was it not the intention of the House of Lords to award damages against the respondent, but that it was incompetent to do so, as no judgment for damages could be given without the intervention of a jury to assess them, according to the provisions of the 6th George IV, cap. 120, sec. 38, which appropriates all such questions for trial by jury. Having failed to get the draught judgment altered according to the respondent's contention, the matter was referred to the Lord Chancellor, and on Thursday last his lordship, after hearing Mr. Tippetts for the appellant, and Mr. Wakeford, of Simson and Wakeford, for Mrs. Yelverton, ruled that in the action of declarator of freedom and putting to silence judgment ought to be made in conformity with the first conclusion of the summons only, thus giving effect to the view contended for by the respondent, and disallowing any award of damages. The judgment of the house has now been issued as so settled by his lordship.—*Solicitors*.

MIDLE VICTOIRE BALFE'S WEDDING.

THE marriage of Midlle Victoire, the youngest daughter of our great composer, took place at the chapel of the Spanish Embassy, Manchester-square, at eleven o'clock, last Wednesday week. The bridegroom is a grandee of Spain, Don Jose Bernardino Fernandez de Velasco, Duque de Frias—an historic name with which every reader of Spanish history must be acquainted. The bride was magnificently dressed, with point lace and diamonds, and the duke wore the ordinary dress of a Spanish gentleman. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Hearn; and a small but select party of friends proceeded from Upper Seymour-street to the chapel with the bridal party. After the ceremony—which was, of course, according to the Roman Catholic ritual—there was a *dejeuner* at Mr. Balfe's town house in Seymour-street, after which the Duke and Duchess de Frias left for Combe Bank, Sevenoaks, Kent, where a married sister of the duchess resides, en route for the Continent.

It will be remembered that the lady had been previously married to Sir J. Crampton, the English ambassador of Spain; but obtained a divorce from him no great while since.

Midlle Victoire Balfe was born on the 1st of September, 1837, in the Rue de la Victoire, in Paris. For several years she was engaged in the careful study of the piano; and was a favourite pupil of Dr. Sterndale Bennett, who succeeded Sir Henry Bishop as Professor of Music at Oxford. After becoming proficient as a pianist, she studied singing, under her father and Signor Garcia. Her father took her to Italy, in order that no influence might be wanting to create and force the flame of musical genius and enthusiasm. But Italy no sooner rears musical talent of uncommon worth, than it emigrates to a more lucrative market, and Mr. Balfe and his daughter found poorer performance in Milan, Florence, and Naples, than in London and Paris.

All this while, her father had no design of her embracing the profession, but bestowed this careful musical culture upon her for her own profit and enjoyment; but she herself formed the design of turning all this musical education to practical account.

Miss Balfe made her debut at the Lyceum, on the 28th of May, 1857, in the character of Aminta; and a bold stroke it was to bring out so young a lady in "La Sonnambula," for in no opera is the ear of the public so critical and fault-finding, for it has been played by singers of the very first class. But more than that, the opera is in itself most trying to the vocal powers and to the nerves of a *debutante*. The splendid closing scene demands from the *prima donna* a vocal steadiness and force almost incompatible with the anxieties of a first night. Such were the difficulties Miss Balfe encountered; such the criticism she provoked. The event must have more than satisfied her hopes. The musical world unanimously voted her appearance a real success. Her thorough preparedness for her profession was admitted by all; and all agreed that there had not been such a *debut* since that of Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia. Everything was in her favour. Her appearance is singularly pleasing. She is of fair height, handsome—a cheerful-looking, graceful blonde. Her manner is at once easy and refined, and she would have shone had her acting been her only merit. In the famous bed-chamber scene, sorrow and dismay are expressed by her with a force and naturalness, any excess of which would amount to exaggeration. Her voice is, we should think, a *mezzo-soprano*, of about two notes in compass, from A to A, singularly expressive, and not wanting in power, of full quality, and clear, ringing *finals*. Much is she indebted to her father's sedulous training. In her very first appearance her voice was perfect in intonation; in the *sostenuto* parts, equally maintained. Every musical difficulty—the ascending and descending scale, the shake and the *arpeggio*—she has in thorough command. In recitative, she is simple and feeling; in concerted music truthful and in excellent style.

She afterwards appeared in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and other operas; but she did not remain long on the stage, having married, as we previously stated, Sir J. Crampton, and left England for Spain.

THE AMENITIES OF WAR.

A LETTER from Grant's army to the *Springfield Republican* presents us with a few more incidents of the intimate relations existing between hostile pickets:—"When the last salute was finished yesterday there was some cross-firing of words between the aroused pickets along our vidette line. 'How are you, Atlanta?' called out one of our boys. 'You'd better try and take Petersburg, now,' was the brief response. 'Sherman is after you fellows, sharp,' said Yank. 'Won't you send some more of your coloured brudders into another mine?' asked Johnny. 'Don't you want some coffee and sugar?' inquired our men tauntingly. 'Wouldn't you like to exchange your wormy hard tack for our johnny cake?' replied the foe. This last hit was a hard one and unexpected. Our poor soldiers do have shockingly poor bread just now. The worms in it are very large and very lively. We did not know before that they had been seen from the enemy's works. There was more of this verbal sharpshooting. It is much practised now-a-days. While the two lines are in such close proximity no orders will prevent intercourse, even among those who are true and loyal to their respective sides. There is a cornfield between our lines at one point, a little to the left of Cemetery-hill. The opposing pickets will creep into that for an occasional friendly chat, or for barter,

ARRIVAL IN HULL OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

HIS Majesty's ship *Salamis*, having on board the infant prince, arrived in the Humber from Cuxhaven on Sunday afternoon. During the morning much excitement prevailed in the town, it having become generally known that Prince Albert Victor would arrive in Hull sometime during the day. The Corporation Pier and its approaches were crowded with persons anxious to show respect, and not a few hoping to see the babe who may hereafter fill the throne of England. Between one and two o'clock a cry was raised that the steamer was approaching. Every eye was immediately turned towards the object which had occasioned this remark. Round the south bend of the Humber the outline of a large steamer met the view. High in the water, with her two funnels pouring forth dense volumes of smoke, she advanced with right royal speed. All doubt of its being the expected steamer soon dispelled, and her course was watched with pleasure. The *Salamis* is a vessel of 850 tons, and a horse-power of 250. With such a proportion of power to tonnage, and with an admirable build for speed, it is scarcely necessary to say that she is a very fleet ship. She gave proof of this in her steaming up the river, and in having accomplished in 28½ hours the voyage from the Elbe to the Humber. She is a despatch vessel, and commanded by Captain F. G. Suttie. On being sighted her Majesty's ship *Dauntless*

was instantly decked out with flags, and a message was sent to the mayor informing him of the arrival of the royal infant. His worship, wearing the robes of office, soon made his appearance on the pier, and accompanied by the sheriff (Mr. E. J. Davis), Mr. C. Good, the Danish consul, Capt. Oater, R.N., Messrs. Aldermen Bannister and Abbey, together with the town clerk, proceeded on board the *Lady Londesborough*, which was lying alongside the wharf. Some of the councillors of the borough followed; and the party then included, besides those gentlemen already named, Earl De Grey and Ripon, Mr. Norton, the Queen's messenger; Councillors Walton, who appeared in uniform as captain of the East Riding Militia, Summers, Jameson, Eccles, Downing, Ramsey, Wilkinson, Symons, Chapman, C. Wells, Denison, Spencer Merriman, Mr. Cator, jun., Mr. Smith, manager of the North-Eastern Railway, and the husband of the nurse to the Royal infant. When the *Lady Londesborough* sailed from the Corporation Pier to meet the *Salamis*, the whole, or, at least, the majority of the councillors were under the impression that they should see the prince. They were, however, doomed to disappointment. The *Salamis* having steamed up the Humber, anchored a short distance above where the *Dauntless* is lying. The *Lady Londesborough*, reaching the *Salamis*, Earl De Grey and Ripon, Queen's messenger, the Mayor and Sheriff of Hull, together with the Danish consul, the town clerk, and the nurse's husband went on board. Earl De Grey having consulted with the councillors, who had the charge of the royal infant during the passage, informed the authorities of Hull that Prince Albert Victor would remain on board during the night, but would be brought on shore in the morning at half-past eight o'clock, landing on the Corporation pier, from whence he, with his attendants, would proceed in carriages to the railway station, where a special train would be provided to convey him to Scotland. As soon as the mayor and the other officials returned on board the *Lady Londesborough*, inquiries were made after the young Prince, and every information was supplied. It was stated that the *Salamis*, after leaving Cuxhaven at ten o'clock on the previous morning, experienced rough weather, and the prince soon began to suffer from sea-sickness. The nurse, however, rendered every assistance, and the royal baby soon recovered his illness. He had slept very well during the passage, and was at that time reposing. Subsequently the *Lady Londesborough* was steered to the shore, and on arriving alongside the pier Mr. Somes, M.P. for Hull, and several councillors who had been left behind in consequence of arriving late, asked after the health of the infant prince. The civic authorities of the town walked in procession to the Victoria Hotel. On arriving there the mayor, from one of the windows, informed the multitude who had assembled in Nelson-street, that the prince would land on the Corporation Pier at half-past eight o'clock next (Monday) morning. His worship then requested that the councillors would meet him at that hotel in the morning, and accompany him to the Corporation Pier.



MIDLE VICTOIRE BALFE

or for a game of cards. Only think of it! Two of them were playing a game a few days since, with Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis as imaginary stakes. The Lincolnite lost. 'There,' says the winner, 'Old Abe belongs to me.' 'Well, I'll send him over by the Petersburg express,' responded the defeated Yank. One day last week there had been lively shelling and some musketry firing for the forenoon. After dinner there was a slack of hostilities. A Johnny rose up on the parapet of his line and shook a paper as a sign of truce, then sprang over into the cornfield. At once a hundred men from either line were over their works, and side by side swapping papers for papers, tobacco or jack knives, hard tack or sugar for corn cake. New acquaintances were made. In some instances old acquaintances were revived. A Connecticut sergeant found a townsman and schoolmate in a sergeant from over the way. A Connecticut officer found a kinsman in a rebel officer. A loyal Maryland regiment was *vis-a-vis* with a Maryland Secesh regiment. Many links of union were there. One found a brother on the other side, and yet another his own father. There's the romance of war for you! After a little time the swapping of the day was done, and officers and men returned to their own lines. All was quiet again until the artillery re-opened fire."

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—An American paper states that four are now employed as conductors on the street cars in some of the western cities.



THE OPERA HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS. (See page 298.)

Literature.

RETALIATION.*

In 1846 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the interior of the Kasbah, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands at once the city, the governor's palace, and the vast plain beyond, as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and a savage scene; from my window, left open to inspire the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs, before withdrawing for the night into their fissures and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Bammel, which flows along the foot of the giant wall. Not a sound, not a murmur came to trouble the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called the men to their quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me; I never could accustom myself to abstinence and rum, or to the petit verre de cognac. At the time I am now speaking about, that was called wanting in *esprit de corps*, but my gastric facilities did not permit my having that kind of "*esprit*." I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing and dressing, and then I retired to my room to make notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the wild, gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain lieutenant of voltigeurs, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you in *propria persona*.

On my first arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me, "*Tiens! I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major.*"

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red nose and grey moustache, his kept over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs; it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen the same military type?

While I was familiarizing myself with this strange physiognomy, the lieutenant had seized my hand.

"Welcome, doctor! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are tired, I am sure. Come in, I will introduce you to the '*Cerole*.'"

The "*Cerole*" at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers, united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man? And yet I had read "*Gil Blas*!"

"Garçon! two glasses. What do you take, doctor—cognac or rum?"

"Neither. Curaçoe, if you please."

"Curaçoe! Why not say '*parfait amour*' at once? Ah, ah, ah! you have a strange taste. Garçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim. Your health, doctor!"

"Yours, lieutenant!"

"And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of his character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which abridged him all the more, as he had previously dined with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invaded by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army, D.T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given

to the frequent imbibition of absinthe. Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats. He also mewed like a cat, but the only words that he uttered were, "*Fatima! oh, Fatima!*" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he had recovered from his fits he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, doctor? Did I say anything?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and bade him quiet himself. But he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his couch, with the equally invariable observation: "*A glass of absinthe would do me a great deal of good.*"

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," he said, taking me by the hand, "*I have come to ask you a favour. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?*"

"Anything, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I cannot expose you to a relapse."

"Well, give me two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised at seeing Castagnac following the retiring sutor with a strange look.

"What was Raymond asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position, with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy claimed my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the precipices and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table slightly inclined, my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till near eleven o'clock. On leaving off at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and grey-coloured, with their feathers all erect, their green eyes sparkling through the semi-obscure. They were waiting till I had done.

I rushed horrified to the window, and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried off by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange sound, almost imperceptible in the depth of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window, held my breath so as to catch the sounds more distinctly. Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and below, between the precipice and the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles, the refuse of the infirmary. In the stillness that reigned around I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant," I said to myself, "*that the sentinel does not see him! A single false step, and he is a lost man!*"

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the voice of Castagnac calling out from above, "*Raymond, where are you going?*"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the very marrow of my bones, and bedewed my forehead with a cold clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity, that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I mechanically took the light, and, wending my way to my own room, I went to bed. To sleep, however, was out of the question: all night long I was haunted by those lamentable sighs and by that demoniac laugh. The next morning a feeling of horror came over me which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited all my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants; no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his bony hands, as if in the act of reading. "*Parbleu!*" he said, "*two windows broken; only that!*"

"Your room, lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others; or, perchance, you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old microscopist, and he at the same time fixed so inquiring a look at me, that I felt glad of a pretence to withdraw. Just as I was going out, I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question.

"By the by, lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his grey hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps—"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted abruptly; "*no one whatsoever.*"

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the meantime contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the commandant de place.

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. These were the remains of Raymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Men exposed to perish every day do not dwell upon unpleasant topics. Jacques dies, Pierre takes his place. The regiment alone is immortal.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the meantime, more painful every day. My actions were constrained to his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened on his side.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "*if he was sure of it, I should be a lost man—that villain sops at nothing!*"

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon, I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which he said he had found in Raymond's trunk.

"It is the letter," he said, "*of a 'particuliere,' Fatima by name.*"

I thought, sir, it might interest you.

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac's in his fits,"

I said to myself, "*had reference to a woman, and Dutertre had also relations with her. It was to keep this appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes, the note is dated the 3rd of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day, he ventured forth by night by that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!*"

As I was thus reflecting, I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway, open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine, Sidé Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this kawsaji, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes with blue silk tassels, and

* Extracted from a translation in "Bentley's Miscellany" of "Contes des Bords du Rhin." By Erckmann-Chatriain.

their long chibuks in their lips. The kawaji, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm; well, I possess a greater! Here entails death; mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm! I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you—Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the muezzin would never summon the faithful to prayers again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well?" I said to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations—Moors, Berbers, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway, and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the kawaji. She then led the way to an interior court, paved with mosaic-work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows, shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-coloured mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-coloured Persian shawls lined the divan at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah! Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said: "You scoff with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom then?"

"By Duterte."

"Duterte?"

"Yes, Raymond Duterte, the young officer who fell over the precipices of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, his eyes lit with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Alas, it is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"Whom do you mean, Fatima?" I said, astonished at her anger.

"I do not understand you."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac! You are the Taleb at the hospital. Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused, he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart, but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute on the way, I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in! What is it you?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you."

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step towards me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Duterte. I was at the amphitheatre—heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct towards that woman is infamous: a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonour would defile us all. If an atom of heart remains within you, kill yourself! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow, by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the commandant de place."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our spahis use in their night carousals, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars. I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A feeble hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived, it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and, seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart. He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him—"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he

had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter.

"Ah, ah! you are there, doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice, "It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick? His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice; "have mercy on me!"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub on its way, and casting sparks on the void around. It had already become but as a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I knew that justice had been done.

As I re-ascended to my own room, my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword. Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder, the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL NOTICES.

HAMILTON'S ART OF TUNING THE PIANOFORTE. Edited by JOSEPH WARREN. London: Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington-street.—This is one of the cheapest and most useful little works we have yet seen on the subject of which it treats. Its popularity may be well imagined from its having already reached a ninth edition. Everything relating to the tuning and management of the pianoforte, however minute or intricate, is here laid down in a most lucid and practical manner. No one in the possession of a pianoforte should be without this useful and valuable companion.

JENNY OF THE MILL.—We had occasion to notice a short time ago this very pretty and lively song, published by Robert Cooks and Co., of New Burlington-street, and expressed our opinion that it would become exceedingly popular. We were not wrong in our estimation of its merits. In addition to Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Armitage sang it, with considerable taste, at Mr. Howard Glover's concert, at Drury Lane, on Saturday last, and was loudly applauded for the pleasing manner in which she rendered it.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The following is a published letter of Mr. Boucicault:—

"Sir,—A *seance* by the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay took place in my house yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Inglefield, Messrs. Charles Read, James Matthews, Algernon Borthwick, J. Willes, H. E. Ormerod, J. W. Kaye, J. A. Boxlock, W. J. Rideout, Robert Bell, J. N. Magles, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M.D., E. Tyler Smith, T. L. Oswald, John Brown, M.D., Robert Chambers, and Dion Boucicault.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and twenty-six cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet to be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then erected in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we entered it. At three o'clock our party was fully assembled, and continued the scrutiny. We went to a neighbouring music-seller for six guitars and two tambourines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay arrived, and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The *seance* then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Brothers Davenport, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet and sat facing each other. Captain Inglefield then, with a new rope provided by ourselves, tied Mr. W. Davenport hand and foot with his hands behind his back, and then bound him to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr. I. Davenport. The knots on these features were then fastened with sealing-wax, and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tambourine, two bells, and a brass trumpet were placed on the floor of the cabinet. The doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open, and the instruments expelled, the hand appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet. The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note:—While Lord Bury was stopping inside the cabinet, the door being open and the two operators seen to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the *seance* the doors of the cabinet being open, and while the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin, female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. This appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party. Sir Charles Wyke now entered the cabinet and sat between the two young men—his hands being right and left on each, and secured to them. The doors were then closed, and the Babel of sound recommenced. Several hands appeared at the orifice—among them the hands of a child. After a space Sir Charles returned amongst us and stated that while he held the two brothers several hands touched his face and pulled his hair; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head—one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders. During the foregoing incidents the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Inglefield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena, an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere.

The next part of the *seance* was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. Fay seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands behind their backs bound tightly to their chairs, and their chairs bound to an adjacent table. While this process was going on the guitar rose from the table, and swung or floated round the room and over the heads of the party, and lightly touching some. Now a phosphoric light shot from side to side over our heads; the laps and hands and shoulders of several were simultaneously touched, struck, or pawed

by hands, the guitar meanwhile sailing round the room, now near the ceiling, and then scuffling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whisked here and there, and a light thrumming was maintained on the violin. The two tambourines seemed to roll higher and thither on the floor, now shaking it violently, and now visiting the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being simultaneous. Mr. Rideout, holding a tambourine, requested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same time Lord Bury made a similar request, and a forcible attempt to pluck a tambourine from his grasp was made, which he resisted. Mr. Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent twitch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr. Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr. Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat rushed on to Mr. Fay's back with equal rapidity. During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of the two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved it might be detected. They of their own accord offered to have their hands filled with flour, or any other similar substance, to prove that they made no use of them, but this precaution was deemed unnecessary; we required them, however, to count from one to twelve repeatedly, that their voices, constantly heard, might certify to us that they were in the same places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbour firmly, so that no one could move without two adjacent neighbours being aware of it.

At the termination of this *seance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product oflegerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

Before leaving this question, in which my name has been accidentally mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called Spiritualism, and nothing I have seen inclines me to believe in it; indeed, the purity of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently alienate such a theory; but I do believe that we have not quite explored the realms of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of late years been confined to useful inventions, and we are content at last to think that the laws of nature are finite, ascertained, and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed ascribe them to supernatural agency; others wander round the subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America, is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

"Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we say to him who should say, 'I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe; otherwise, not till then?' It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis, we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.—Yours obediently, DION BOUCICAULT."

"326, Regent-street, Oct. 12."

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—Wombwell's splendid collection of wild animals, &c., has just received an extraordinary and interesting addition in the shape of six fine lion cubs, which, with the mother, are doing well. The accouchement took place at Newbury Berks, and their advent is regarded with considerable interest in the university and city of Oxford. The collection also includes the newly-imported lion-slayers (hamadryads), and the tiger which destroyed a lion a few years back.

INHIBITION OF BROTHER IGNATIUS.—We (*Western Daily Press*) have been requested by the rural dean to insert the following letter, addressed to him by the bishop:—"West Mall, Clifton, Oct. 13, 1864.—My dear rural dean,—I hasten to acknowledge an important memorial, signed by yourself, and many of the clergy and laity of Bristol and the neighbourhood, informing me that a stranger to our diocese, the Rev. J. L. Lyne, has publicly notified that he hopes to preach next Sunday in some churches in or near Bristol. Some of the deputation that presented the memorial to me last night informed me that Mr. Lyne is in deacon's orders, and the memorial itself mentions that he has been inhibited in the diocese of Norwich. As those facts appear to be publicly known, I really cannot believe—especially after the tenor of my charge on unauthorised or unapproved assistance—that any one of my clergy would behave so disrespectfully to me as to have offered his pulpit to Mr. Lyne without previous application to myself. Still, after your memorial, I feel it my duty at once to issue a general prohibition, a copy of which I enclose. I shall be obliged to you to give it a wide circulation, and shall hope that every clergyman in my diocese who may see it, or be informed of it, will consider it as addressed to himself. Though I felt it my clear duty yesterday, in my capacity of chairman of our congress, to permit Mr. Lyne, as a member of the congress and ticket-holder, to address a meeting at which controversial topics are excluded by the rules, I feel it equally my clear duty, as bishop of the diocese, most distinctly to prohibit the admission of Mr. Lyne, as being a deacon both unapproved here and inhibited elsewhere, into any of the pulpits of my diocese. Very sincerely yours, C. J. GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL. The Rev. Canon Allen."

SHOCKING DEATH BY FALLING INTO BOILING LIQUID.—On the morning of Saturday last a man named John Kelly, a labourer employed in the chemical works of Messrs Ward and Co., 453, Garstons-road, Glasgow, met his death by accidentally falling into a large pan of boiling liquid used in the manufacturing of potash. He was engaged at the time in stirring the liquid, and had stumbled and fell into the pan, which is about nine feet deep by nine feet in diameter, and was full of the liquid at the time. His shrieks were heard by some of the workmen, and immediate assistance was rendered, but the unfortunate man had sunk to the bottom, death, it is thought, being almost instantaneous, and some time elapsed before the body was recovered. It was then conveyed to his home in Woodside-road. He has left a widow and seven children.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT BY FIRE.—On Monday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a melancholy accident occurred to Mrs. Frances Hayward, a lady residing in Albany-street, Regent's-park. It appears from the statement of one of the female domestics, that she heard distant screams for assistance issuing from her mistress's bedroom; she instantly ran up-stairs, and found Mrs. Hayward enveloped in flames, and endeavouring to extinguish them. The young woman, with great presence of mind, seized the bed-side carpet, and threw it around her mistress, by which means she succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the lady was dreadfully burnt.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—The Greatest and most Useful Invention of the day, **AGUA AMARELLA.**—Messrs. JOHN GONNELL and CO. These King Court, London, have secured a Patent for this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue—no matter at what age. The Agua Amarella has some of the properties of dyes; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect colour. Price one guinea per bottle; half bottle 10s. 6d. Messrs. John Gonnell and Co. have been appointed Perfumers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

AVOID BANKRUPTCY.—There are Thousands of Persons who have long struggled against the force of misfortune, but few are aware that they can now legally effect Competitions with their Creditors, and obtain immediate Protection for person and property without publicity or being gazetted as bankrupt. Law costs, £5. Apply to Mr. WELLS, solicitor, or Mr. WESTON, 47, Moorgate-street. Bank Divorces can be confidentially conducted. Conveyances passed in London. Money advanced on furniture and good securities. No fees or costs unless business done.

THE LITTLE MODELLER.—How to Make a Model Village, a Model Farm, Window Cases, Shakers, Biscuits, and the like. The celebrated Family Plum Cakes, weighing 1lb. for 1s. 6d. The Light Tea Cakes, 1s. 6d. per doz. All guaranteed pure, and a delicious flavour.—47, High-street, Whitehall.

THE LITTLE SHOWMAN.—How to Make a Punch Show, with all the characters: a Model Stage, a Model Circus, a Model Theatre, a Model Pantomime, and the Magic Marionettes. 100 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps.—H. G. LANEY and Co. 253 Strand.

PENNY TOYS, PENNY TOYS.—The Largest Assortment in all PEEBLES NEW GERMANY FAIR, 250, Oxford-street. The 4s. Parcel contains 72 articles. Forwarded on receipt of stamps. Christmas Trees complete from 1s. each.

CLOCKS, ONE SHILLING.—The Everlasting, 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s., 101s., 102s., 103s., 104s., 105s., 106s., 107s., 108s., 109s., 110s., 111s., 112s., 113s., 114s., 115s., 116s., 117s., 118s., 119s., 120s., 121s., 122s., 123s., 124s., 125s., 126s., 127s., 128s., 129s., 130s., 131s., 132s., 133s., 134s., 135s., 136s., 137s., 138s., 139s., 140s., 141s., 142s., 143s., 144s., 145s., 146s., 147s., 148s., 149s., 150s., 151s., 152s., 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